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Esquire



DONALD TRUMP IS MAKING ME A HYPOCRITE

BY MARK SALTER

I've always distrusted people who never question their assumptions or test their opinions against their critics' arguments. I believe empathy is the starting point of wisdom, and imagining things from an opponent's point of view is essential to solving problems in a closely divided polity. ¶ Yet on the subject of Donald Trump, my mind is closed. Slammed shut. Triple-bolted. Sealed like a tomb. ¶ Nothing anyone could reveal about Trump could get me to change my opinion that he's an asshole. And not a "yeah, but he's our asshole" kind but rather a cartoon villain, a fake, a cheat, a liar, a creep, a bullying, bragging, bullshitting, blowhard kind of asshole.

EsquireTHE COLD OPEN

There have been lots of candidates in the past I've disagreed with, even loathed. There's only one I've wanted to punch in the face as he's doing one of his pursed-lips, chin-tilting Il Duce impersonations.

I grew up in Iowa, where people are widely admired for their courtesy, generosity, and modesty, for their un-Trumpness. Iowa was the first state to offer a new home and resettlement assistance to Vietnamese boat people. It's also welcomed refugees from other war-torn and oppressed countries. Until the terrorist attacks in Paris, eight hundred more were expected to arrive in Iowa this year. Most Iowans of my acquaintance are just good people.

Yet for months a xenophobic bigot has been leading most polls

there and nationally, with his acolyte, Ted Cruz, in hot pursuit. I don't believe them. I think they inflate his support. I can't imagine how Trump could appeal to more than a disaffected few who are resentful, misinformed, and misled but unlikely to go to the trouble of participating in a caucus. Mostly, I don't want to believe the polls. I don't want to believe Iowans or any decent person would choose Trump for president.

If you regard honesty and humility as virtues, which I think most Iowans do, his ridiculous boasts demand derision. He's the business genius who brags about screwing his investors and who has declared bankruptcy as often as some people overdraw their checking account. He sports the world's silliest combover and makes fun of other people's looks. He's the tough guy who never served in the military, never risked his life or his interests for anyone other than himself, and disparaged the service of a decorated veteran.

He promises to make America great again and rejects the ideals and decency that made us great in the first place. Trump isn't a fascist. He just says stupid, offensive things, seems

unaware we have a Bill of Rights, and surrounds himself with aides who appear to have graduated first in their class at the Baghdad Bob School of Awesome Ass Kissing. Fascism is an ideology. Self-aggrandizement isn't.

But he does preach resentment of and hostility toward others the mythical dancing Muslims of Jersey City, the Mexican day laborers pillaging our culture and raping our women. He incites people to consider fellow citizens and aspiring citizens outside the protection of our Constitution and the norms of a just society.

He isn't a terrorist, either, but his crude populism, with its scapegoats and simple answers and appeals to the worst in people, intent on offending every Muslim on earth, makes him an ally of terrorists.

My daughter thinks I'm paying Trump a compliment by taking him seriously. To her cohort, raised in the age of reality TV and the Internet's infinite store of human folly, Trump is just a joke gone viral without being very funny. It happens. There's always a market for crudeness and bad taste.

But Trump is bringing out the worst in me, too.

In my contempt, I'm channeling Trump, slinging insults and scorn not at him alone but also at the people who support him, who applaud his pretensions, cheer his slurs, and nod in agreement with his asinine ideas. I've belittled their intelligence and character. I've stopped trying to understand their point of view. I'm treating them as the other, undeserving of my respect.

Some Trump fans are likely as boorish as their candidate. But what explains the people who support a man for president they wouldn't want as a friend or neighbor or coworker? Among them are people I know—some I've known for many years. They are salt-of-the-earth people, good people.

I sat next to a woman at a basketball game the other day. We go to the same church and our kids attended the same schools. She's a thoughtful, courteous, nice person. She told me she was supporting Trump. I was dumbfounded and asked her why. She gave me a version of the answer I've heard from other Trump supporters: The country is in such bad shape that we need someone like Trump, someone who will really shake things up.

That's a sentiment I thought was a tendency in Latin American politics, not here—the preference in troubled times for a caudillo, a strongman to break rules, to rule the people when everyone is too scared or weak or corrupt to govern themselves.

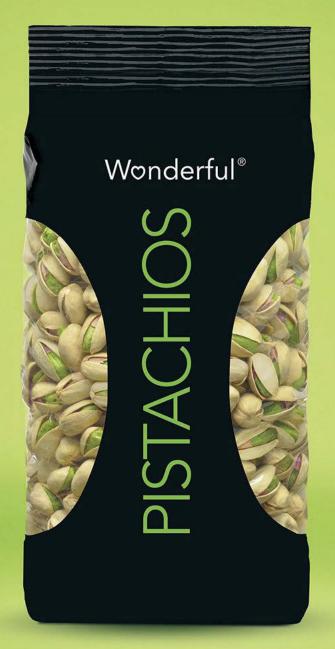
Are we in such dire straits that we must dispense with civility, kindness, tolerance, and normal decency to put a mean-spirited, lying jerk in the White House? Are we not still the strongest, wealthiest, freest society on earth, with more opportunities for more people than anywhere else? We fought the last presidential election mostly over a 4 percent difference in the top marginal tax rate—not exactly

an ideological battle for the ages. Four years on, is the notion that the country is hopeless so widespread that people are willing to throw in the towel by nominating for president someone who admires Vladimir Putin?

I don't get it, and I've stopped trying. That's on me and I'm sorry. I know how I appear to a lot of Trump supporters. I live in Washington. I used to work in the government. I'm not worried about losing my job. I'm not looking for answers or for someone else to hold accountable for my circumstances. But neither is my friend from the basketball game or other Trump supporters I know personally. The only explanation I can come up with is that they've given up on the country for no good reason. I know that's a failure of discernment and empathy on my part.

Of course, were Trump to succumb to a rare bout of honesty, he would confess he thinks we're all just suckers.

I hope we're both proved wrong. I really do. Because right now that asshole is making us all look bad. №



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2016: POLITICS IS GETTING REAL

An issue on who and what we are about to choose in this election year



The Cynic and Senator Rubio

Eight years after the Cynic took the measure of a young Barack Obama, he evaluates another energetic and potentially disruptive new face in our politics. BY CHARLES P. PIERCE

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"We're all in this together, and we're all the problem." INTERVIEWED BY MARK WARREN

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Cecile Richards

President of Planned **Parenthood**

"All it takes is one person who is unhinged." INTERVIEWED BY MARK WARREN

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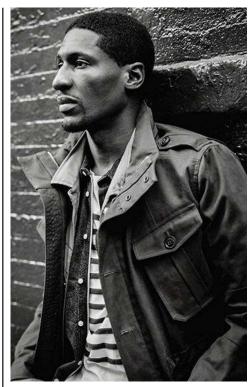




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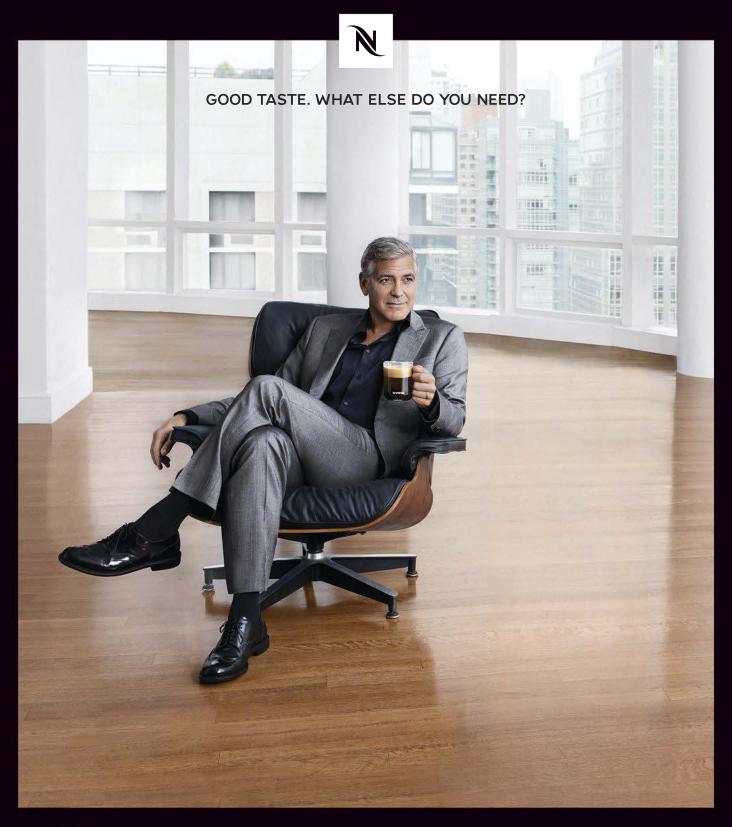
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And While We're At It: A Sweepstakes!

▶ Enter for a chance to win a trip to the premiere screening of Batman v Superman: Dawn of Justice. Plus, we're giving away 25 pairs of Fandango movie tickets. Go to **esquire.com/** batman-superman. For rules, see page 110.

Esquire

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WHEREALL THIS ANGER **COMES FROM**



One Thing to Look **Forward**

▶ Batman v Superman: Dawn of Justice premieres in March. We're offering Esquire readers a shot at winning a trip to the premiere screening. And just in case you don't win that, we're giving away 25 pairs of movie tickets through our friends at Fandango, Go to esquire.com/ batmansuperman. Rules and other details are on page 110. The trailer is kinda funny-that kid from the Facebook movie as Lex Luthor.

To

Donald Trump has turned out to be a useful tool. He has stymied-at least for the early part of the Republican presidential sweepstakes-the effect of Citizens United, which flooded our politics with money from oligarchs eager to buy government leaders. But even more usefully, he has forced a wide range of political figures to admit that tol-

erance is a crucial part of our national makeup. "Trump! Fomenting Tolerance 2016!" That is quite the accomplishment at a time when one of our two political parties is pretty much bent on divisiveness and cultural warfare as its strategy for capturing the White House.

I don't think Donald has any real idea of the effect he's having on the country beyond the cheering crowds and the newspaper headlines. But, for him, that's plenty. He's an entertainer; he's giving his audience what it wants. The idea that his words have consequences never penetrates. The idea that Open Carry members' harassment of mosques in Texas could have something to do with him just never occurs to him. During his unusual interview with Scott Raab (page 18)—which took place a few days after he first suggested registering Muslims and shutting down mosques, and the same week that a protester got roughed up at one of his rallies-he was strangely disconnected from politics. It was business as usual inside Trump Tower, and he broke off the interview right in the middle to give me a call.

After he bragged that he had "destroyed"

Ben Carson ("I had to do it"), he was off on a conversation very much like the one I wrote about in my editor's letter two months ago. Here's how it ended this time:

"Yeah. So good to talk to you, man. So good. Hey, call me, like, in Florida or something; we'll play. You know, I have Doral, I have Palm Beach, so whenever you're down there, call me and we'll play, okay? Or you'll play with some friends. But call me, okay? You take care of yourself, David. Have a good time, thanks."

This is not a man who is planning to occupy the White House. This is not the man who personifies the rage that is rippling through our culture. When you talk with Donald, you get the distinct impression that he's enjoying this other person, this fellow named Donald Trump, out there tuning up the rubes.

So who is responding to the outrageous and offensive utterances that fall unconsidered from his mouth? For this issue. we worked with our friends at NBC News and SurveyMonkey on a sprawling piece of original research intended to identify the roots of the rage that seems so rampant across so much of the country. The survey is on page 54, and it illuminates the darker precincts of the American psyche like never before. Why are we so angry, and what are we so angry about? Among the many surprises is that black Americans are now more optimistic about the country than white Americans. The angriest and most pessimistic of our countrymen are overwhelmingly Caucasian, overwhelmingly working- or middle-class, and overwhelmingly middle-aged or older.

These are the Americans-this dwindling demographic-who are shaping the presidential circus right now. And as we move past the primaries and the Republicans settle on a nominee, what this rage politics will further yield remains to be seen. Is it a passing wave or a rising tide? If the Republicans know what's good for them, the irresponsible talk will have to abate over the summer; the rage will have to recede from center stage. And Donald Trump will be back in Trump Tower, conducting his business as usual.

DAVID GRANGER

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Esquire

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Marian Barbara Barbara



The ESQ&A

Donald Trump

UP IN HIS GILDED PALACE, HIGH ABOVE
THE CHAOS HE'S CAUSED, THE MAN IS QUITE JOLLY
BY SCOTT RAAB

PHOTOGRAPH BY NIGEL PARRY

FIRST TIME I SEE HIS face in real life, Trump's on the move at his Trump Tower headquarters, heading down a hall of mirrors to get his Esquire photo taken. He stops to size me up from 10 or 15 feet away.

"Nice-looking guy!"

Thank you, sir.

His press secretary tells him my name is Scott.

"Hi, how are you?" Trump says. "Nice to see you."

And you.

But he's gone, down the hall. Me, I'm thinking about Larry David's old stand-up bit:

"You know, if he'd given me a compliment, Josef Mengele and I could have been friends—'Larry, your hair looks very good today.' Really? Thank you, Dr. Mengele!"

UH-OH: I WENT FULL death-camp Nazi there. Why not? That very morning's *Times* was shrieking about Trump's "racist lies" and comparing him to Joe McCarthy and George Wallace, missing the more painful, salient point, which is that Donald Trump is not those men and this isn't last century. This man—Donald Trump—has a legit shot at becoming the single most powerful human being in the world by running as a wartime candidate on policies that are, by current legal standards, crimes under the Constitution or the Geneva Conventions.

"We're going to have to do things that we never did before," he said, post-Paris and pre-San Bernardino. "And some people are going to be upset about it, but I think that now everybody is feeling that security is going to rule. And certain things will be done that we never thought would happen in this country in terms of information and learning about the enemy. And so we're going to have to do certain things that were frankly unthinkable a year ago."

Donald Trump plans to register and spy on American Muslims, inflict torture, punish terrorists' families, plus carpetbomb, plus deport 11 million immigrants, just like that. Those are the specifics—so far, for starters—of the megadeal Trump's negotiating with voters. For the sake of discussion, then, let's not take creeping fascism off the table or, for that matter, Hitler. The man peddling a book called Crippled America is selling the proposition that he is the only man strong enough to restore America's greatness as defined by the most terrified and angry among us. Vowing to do all this swiftly, painlessly, easily, always attacking, always outrageous, always on TV, Trump has built his brand into a cult of personality without precedent in American politics and at a moment of global darkness-with hard-right political parties gaining power in NATO allies France and Poland-during a scorchedearth Republican presidential campaign led by men explicitly promising to scorch plenty more earth.

American streets are running with the blood of innocents, in fact, and Donald Trump is just having a ball. He was in Columbus, Ohio, last night; he's heading to South Carolina in a couple hours; he's 69 years old; and he looks as strong as an ox. But sharp. A big, bluff fellow, even seated at his desk. And still a good-looking guy. The near wall is plastered with decades of Trump magazine covers, dozens of them, framed. He was gorgeous back in the day, and I say so.

"Nothing like the clock, right? I look at some of these pictures..." he sighs. "This was a friend of mine—John Jr. He was the best-looking guy. That was the night before he died. He was the best-looking guy. He sold George magazine and he was going to run for the Senate. He would've been unbelievable."

Heartbreaking-that entire family.

"He was the best of the whole group. And this is *The Apprentice*. Number-one show on television."

You've done very well, sir.

"I like this guy," Trump says to his press secretary, who's seated off to the side, behind me. "It usually takes me, what, about three seconds to know? I had a guy come in from—what was it, *GQ*? He was the worst guy. He walked in with a cane. He wasn't an old guy, but he had a bad leg. You know that guy?"

No.

"He was the worst human—terrible guy. I actually said, 'Why are we wasting time with this guy?'"

I'm thinking that it was wise to wear a

quality suit with a nice pair of shoes and the Rolex. I'm thinking Dr. Mengele did not smile upon the infirm either.

How do you keep the pace? I ask Trump. How do you refuel?

"I love what I'm doing. I love everything I've done in my life. I love being in the real estate business, I love writing books. You know, I've had many best sellers, and *The Art of the Deal* was probably the biggest-selling business book of all time."

It will live forever.

"The Apprentice was so incredible—we did 14 seasons of The Apprentice. NBC renewed me for two more seasons, and I said I can't do it because I'm running for president. And I gave up a lot of money—not only The Apprentice but on deals that I could do. But I'm not doing them because I'm doing this. And I'm loving running for president. Last night we had 14,000 people in Columbus. Today we're going to have 10,000 people in South Carolina. We're going down to Myrtle Beach."

So you don't work out?

"Well, it's an amazing thing. When I speak, I speak in big arenas, because we get by far the biggest crowds. And the people I have, I'm in love with them and they're in love with me and my concepts, because they understand, you know. We're tired of being led by stupid people. And that's what we are being led by—stupid and incompetent people. And when I speak, by the time I'm finished the room always becomes very warm, because it wasn't designed for that many people. For instance, last night we were in a convention center that wasn't designed for 14,000 people.... When I

speak, it's a workout, a *physical* workout. You are really working when you're working in front of crowds of—I mean, a small crowd for me is now 10,000 people. And the good thing is, I'm able to do it without speeches. I'm able to do it without teleprompters, because I can talk about current events."

Oy.

"There's many things I'm going to be talking about today that yesterday I wouldn't be talking about. There's a picture of Putin, as an example, with the leaders. Here it is—front page of *The Wall Street Journal*. Look at that picture. Isn't that sad? This is today. That's Putin with all of the top people in Iran. They made a deal! They've joined. With Obama, we'll end up in World War III, because the guy is not respected. He doesn't know what he's doing. Look at that picture. Isn't that a terrible thing?"

Listen, there are also ways to see it as a good thing, a sign that the world might pull together.

"As long as they're against us."

Let's hope not. I've got a 16-year-old son. You've got an even younger kid.

"Right."

I hate to think, if things continue to go sour, how much worse they can get.

"Right. They're not looking good. But anyway, we're doing very well."

Trump tells his press secretary to tell me, off the record, about a new poll. I ask him about his family, about why his father's real estate business was called Elizabeth Trump & Son.

"My father's mother— CONTINUED >



CONTINUED Elizabeth Trump was my grandmother. Phenomenal woman. Came from Germany with her husband, and he went to Alaska to search for gold and ended up sort of going into the hotel business. He took care of the miners when they were searching for gold."

Alaska?

"In Alaska. And he died of pneumonia, actually. Which, you know, he was in Alaska but died of pneumonia. Did a good job. He ran a hotel business. He ran lodging, largely for people going out looking for gold in the Klondike."

Whoa.

"Great story. And she was an incredible woman. I remember her so well. She had three children, one of them my father; my father's brother became a great engineer. He taught at MIT. He went to MIT all the way through and he was a doctor. He became a doctor. When you become a doctor at MIT, you know one thing: smart. And he was a professor at MIT. He taught at MIT, but he was an engineer and a brilliant guy. So, you know, when you look at gene pools, it's always nice to have good genes."

And here you are, running for the single most powerful office on earth. What would they think?

"Well, it was so far from their comfort zone. My father never liked public speaking. And if he saw me speaking in front of 25,000 people—in Alabama we had 35,000 people in a football stadium. But I've had, you know—my crowds are now averaging probably 10,000 people."

What Esquire Is... Drinking

▶ Boatyard Brewing Co., Kalamazoo, Michigan: It was 4:45 p.m. on Friday, and everyone in the bar seemed to know one another. The Standard-Oilfuel-depot-turned-estimable-brewery on the shitty side of town was standing-room only in honor of the Dow Family, an earnest middle-aged man and four dour children playing fiddle, Irish bouzouki, harp, dulcimer. The crowd, drunk on Gaelic harmony and 9.8 percent ABV One Legged Pilot Russian Imperial Stout and seven different kinds of sloppy joes, knew all the words. Or slurred shouts that sounded as good as any chorus, to our ears at least. boatyardbrewing.com

-ANNA PEELE

The idea that a rich real estate guy from Queens is playing this well everywhere—are you surprised by that?

"Well, I think I'm surprised, Scott. Your first name is Scott, right?"

Yep

"Okay. I think I'm surprised that we're doing this well this fast. I didn't do it to lose, okay?"

Obviously.

"Some people do it to lose. Some people do it just to get in the game. I mean, you look at some of these guys running, they have no chance, and you say, 'What are they doing?' But I didn't do it for that. I thought that I had a chance. I thought that I might have a good chance. But I've never done it before. I've only been a politician for four months, and now I'm leading, by a lot, in the presidential race. So I wouldn't have thought that I would have this kind of a lead, and I certainly wouldn't have thought that it would happen this fast. But we have now, hard to believe-we're down to two months by the time this comes out. What issue is this?"

His press secretary tells him February. "All right, good. February 1 is the Iowa caucus. Let's just say, now we're very close and we'll see how it all works out. But I wouldn't have believed that I'd have this kind of a lead this fast."

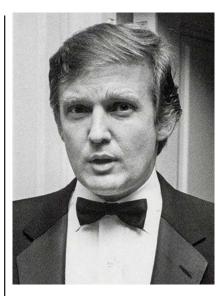
People really seem to want a strong guy. "Right."

A real leader. But you're a private-sector guy. Do you think about the system of checks and balances?

"Well, I've always been very public. I've always been, you know-people know me like I'm a public company because I've been so well-known for so long. The Apprentice put me out there at a very high level. My life has put me out there at a very high level. Everything about my life is known, so it's really not like a big secret or anything. And maybe that's why I'm doing well.... If you look at the polls that came out today out of Iowa, I'm killing everybody on the economy, I'm killing everybody on absolutely—you know, by four and five times. I'm just winning so big—on the economy, on the border, and on protection. And on leadership."

But the way they set up the system, even the strongest president wasn't a warrior king. You have to work with Congress, you

"You have a lot of power over security



THE DOSSIER: DONALD J. TRUMP

Date of birth: June 14, 1946 Which makes him: 69

Hometown: Queens, New York Net worth: \$4.5 billion

Homes owned: At least four: New York; Bedford, New York; Palm Beach, Florida; Beverly Hills Not including: Golf

clubs, luxury hotels, a winery **Childhood mantra:** "Be a killer."

Instilled in him by: His father Childhood temperament: "Extremely rebellious" According to: His

which is why he was sent to: The New York Military Academy in eighth grade Where he was: "The best baseball player in New York" According to:

Himself
Signature attributes: Pronunciation of huge; "Blue
Steel"-esque pout;
constant use of superlatives; orange
comb-over

Claims a lifelong abstinence from: Alcohol, drugs, and cigarettes Despite which: He launched the "super-

premium" Trump Vodka in 2006. Which ceased pro duction in: 2010 Nickname: The Donald **Given to him by:**His first wife, Czech skier and model

Ivana
Subsequent wives:
Marla Maples,
actress; Melania
Trump, former model
Children: Five

Ranging from: Nine to 38 years old Serves as trustee, president, chairman, or member of:

515 companies
Of which: At least
391 bear his name
Further résumé
highlights: Host and
executive producer
of NBC's The Apprentice; presidential candidate; business ad-

Assorted accolades: A spot on Playgirl's 10 Sexiest Men list in 1986; a worst-supporting-actor Razzie for 1990's Ghosts Can't Do lt; runner-up on Time's 2015 Per-

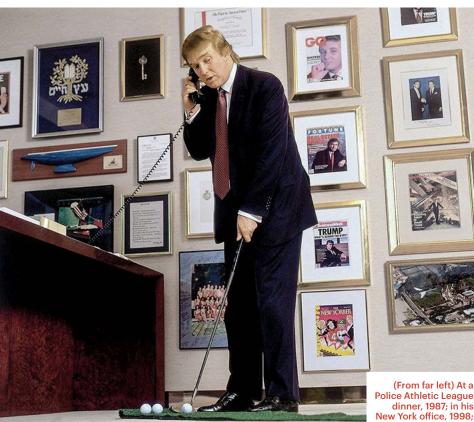
visor to Mike Tyson

son of the Year list

Political-party affiliations to date:
Three: Republican.

Democrat, and Independent Issues he has wavered on: Abortion rights, universal health care, drug legalization, a ban on assault weapons, background checks

background checks for gun ownership Issue he has never wavered on: "My life has been about winning. My life has not been about losing."



New York office, 1998; selfie in Fort Dodge, lowa, last November. ling newspaper. And

and you have a lot of power over the border without dealing with anybody. And I deal with people. I mean, I know the system. Obama hasn't used the system. He signs executive orders all the time. He can't even get the Democrats, 'cause he doesn't really meet with very many people. I know Democrats who have hardly met him, and they're important people."

Did you read the *New York Times* editorial this morning?

"Yeah, that was...but *The Wall Street Journal* had a great editorial."

They're talking about George Wallace, Joe McCarthy—you saw this?

"Yeah, I saw that."

How do you respond to that? That's extreme.

"It was extreme. And, you know, don't forget: *The New York Times* is failing badly. They bought *The Boston Globe* for 1.1 billion dollars; they sold it for one dollar. They sold their headquarters for \$170 million. The person who bought it flipped it for \$500 million. And it was a very insulting editorial to put me into a group of people like that. But, you know, what are you going to do? It's *The New York Times*

and they—it's a failing newspaper. And they've lost their way. Here's *The Wall Street Journal* today, though. That was a great one."

I didn't see that.

"You can take a quick look. Same day, I have two editorials. When did that ever happen?"

WITH FIVE MINUTES left in my half hour, Ivanka stops in while Trump is talking about the level of violence at his campaign events.

"It's very interesting—somebody else asked me the question today. We have a country that's in serious trouble. If we're not going to get tough and smart, many, many people are going to get hurt very badly. Hi, honey. This is my daughter Ivanka.... It's the cover of Esquire."

"Very cool," says Ivanka, who is every bit as lovely in person.

"She's five months pregnant," Trump says.

"Six months," says Ivanka. "Almost six months."

"I'll be five minutes," Trump says. "Go ahead, Scott."



You seem to be having a lot of fun with all of this.

"I'm having a great time—a great time. I'm connecting with so many people. It's a lovefest. I mean, sometime, even after you write this, if you want to come to one of these rallies, it's a lovefest. And I mean, I'm in love with them, they're in love with me. You go into those rooms, it's a lovefest. It's not describable unless you're there."

When you think about Donald Trump becoming the single most powerful man on earth—are you ready?

"Yeah. If I'm lucky enough to get itand I'm not doing it for myself. I'm doing it because I would do a great job and I'd turn this country around. What country? We have a hundred million people in a workforce, in a potential workforce, you know that our real unemployment rate is probably 25 percent, not 5.2 percent. It's probably 25 or I wouldn't have the rallies that I have. I mean, honestly, if we had a 5 percent unemployment rate, I wouldn't be having all of these thousands of people coming to rallies. That's one of the things. I'll take jobs back from China; I'll do so many different things in terms of health care. There's so many things you can do, Scott. So yes, I'm totally ready."

Are you a worrier? You sleep good?

"I sleep good, yeah. I sleep good. I'm not a worrier. I, you know, I do what I have to do, but I'm not a person who worries. I understand life. I know life. I get it. And you don't want to be a worrier."

I see what the job does, to Obama and everyone else. It ages people fast.

"It does age people. That's one thing I will say about the presidency: I've watched so many of them get old in office. And I'm prepared for that. I feel very young right now. I'm prepared for that. Okay?" 12



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and 2014

Gleaned from her three appearances in Esquire (see left): 1. His name is Cinnamon. 2. He is a Yorkie. 3. A well-endowed Yorkie. 4. If you happen to find yourself dating Emmy Rossum and are "not into him, that relationship could not continue."



We will do anything to get out of a bad date. One time I got set up with a guy who was like, "You're Jewish? You don't *look* Jewish. Huh.

I don't know that I've ever met someone Jewish before!"

the jerk giving a

diarrhea.

homeless guy's cat

should really spend

more time reading

Proust.







The Americano

Combine in highball glass:
x oz* sweet Italian vermouth, y oz* digestivo or aperitivo. Add 3 to 4 ice cubes, stir briefly, and top off with 2 oz seltzer. Add a straw The x and y are variable, between ½ and 21/2; together they should add up to 3 oz.

DRINKING

By DAVID WONDRICH



Italy's Greatest Export

IT'S NOT A DRINK BUT DRINKING ITSELI

THE RITUAL is unvarying. You sit at the little round table. The white-coated waiter detaches himself from the ancient stone wall against which he has been leaning and saunters over. He takes your order. Then come the drinks, tall and violently red, and the tiny dishes of olives, potato chips, and pizza strips or some other savory. Time passes. You have another. The waiter refills the chips. Another? Why not? Eventually it will be time to change for dinner, but right now there is no force on earth that could move you from that table.

My last name does not sound Italian, but

in fact my father was born in Trieste, a part of Italy since the end of World War I, and there are Wondriches there still. My mother, on the other hand, is all American, and I was born in Pittsburgh. So when I'm in a classic Italian bar-café, such as the centuryold and glorious Camparino in Milan, part of me loves and appreciates that ritual. It takes a little mental gear shifting, though, because as an American I'm accustomed to treating drinking as more of a goal-oriented activity. The iconic American drinks-the old-fashioned, the manhattan, the martini-draw bold, straight lines between

sober and tipsy. The iconic Italian drinks the Americano, the Aperol Spritz, the Negroni-take a far more meandering course.

Given the difference between our drinking cultures, it's ironic that the drink that stands at the forefront of the Italian tradition is the "American." The Americano came about when the Italians learned we were taking that lightly sweet vermouth they were sending us in large quantities and turning it into a "vermouth cocktail"a shot of vermouth, a few dashes of bitters, ice. Not a particularly stimulating drink, but we soon stiffened it with whiskey or gin. That gave us the manhattan and the martini. respectively. In Italy, they took the same basic idea and went a different way, increasing the amount of bitters, putting the drink on ice, and balancing out the sweetness and the bitterness with a healthy shot of club soda. Voilà-the Americano.

Nowadays only one bitter generally goes into an Americano, Campari. But back in the day, there was more latitude. Elvezio Grassi's 1936 book, 1000 Mixtures (it was originally Cocktails, but then Mussolini banned the word as foreign), has recipes for a dozen versions. All are made with vermouth, soda, and ice but feature different bitters, both the higher-proof digestivi and the lighter aperitivi, in different proportions.

In fact, I can't think of a better way to spend a Sunday afternoon than to drink Americanos a piacere-"however you prefer"-with your friends. Indoors in the winter, outdoors in the summer, just lay out some tall glasses, chilled sparkling water, and a bucket of ice. Then a bottle or two of vermouth and a small selection of digestivi and aperitivi. Just make sure you don't forget the (Italian) olives and the (American) potato chips. 12

THE ITALIAN LIOUORS: RECOMMENDATIONS

Italy exports a dizzying variety of vermouths and amari, or bitters. The latter come in two varieties: the lower-alcohol (but still bitter) before-dinner aperitivo and the higher-alcohol, generally sweeter digestivo, for unclogging the system after a

APERITIVI

CLASSIC: Campari **COMPLEX: Bitter Luxardo GENTLE:** Aperol

VERMOUTHS

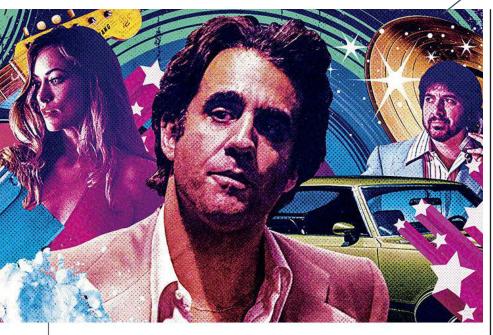
CLASSIC: Cocchi Vermouth di Torino **COMPLEX:** Vermouth del

Professore FRESH: Martini & Rossi Riserva Speciale Rubino

DIGESTIVE

CLASSIC: Amaro Nonino INTENSE: Fernet-Branca **COMFORTING:** Amaro Montenegro

FILM/TV



How Vinyl Happened

AND MARTIN SCORSESE. SOMEHOW, THEY'RE NOT THE MOST INTERESTING THING ABOUT IT.

As told to PAUL SCHRODT

VINYL SHOULDN'T WORK. The HBO series about the 1970s music industry (premiering February 14) should be buried under the myth-sized expectations that come with its benefactors. Instead, it's great. It's in lines like "Would you shut the fuck up? I'm trying to apologize!" It's in the camera, eyeing set pieces like a divine observer at a peep show, zooming in on the New York Dolls, Robert Plant's abs, performances that make music videos suddenly seem viable again. The show just moves, like the music that inspired Martin Scorsese when he was a kid. "I've always tried to give the audience what they want, and in return they made me stinking fucking rich," the main character, Richie, says in the pilot. Vinyl gives the people what they want and hopes they will return the favor. We talked to the cast and creators about how the show came to be.



MICK JAGGER EXECUTIVE PRODUCER

It was a movie idea. I went to Marty and said that I'd like to do some-

thing that covers the actual inside of the record business, using Casino as shorthand. [The industry] hadn't been portrayed really much at all at that point, but I thought it was interesting the way it worked and the crazy people who worked in it. Walter Yetnikoff used to run CBS, and there was Ahmet [Ertegun], who used to run Atlantic, then much sleazier people who ran smaller labels like Roulette-there were lots and lots of pavola types of scandals throughout the whole of the record industry, a lot of shenanigans.

Sometimes I notice anachronisms in the language [of the scripts]: "Iconic." If people say things like that, I say, "Ehhh, I don't think I would have said that in 1973."

Andy [Warhol] liked to commodify himself-that was his goal. Everyone wants to commodify themselves now. But none of the artists [on Vinvl] are like me. None of the executives are like me. It's fictional.



MARTIN SCORSESE DIRECTOR; **EXECUTIVE PRODUCER**

I met Mick for the first time in 1976, and he asked

if I would make a film on the rock 'n' roll business. In 2008, I had a phone call late one night with Terry Winter and told him that Mick and I had a project that was this roller-coaster ride through rock 'n' roll history that spanned about 40 years. The idea then became to make it into a series and focus on 1973, around the time punk and hiphop were born. And it was the year I made Mean Streets.

I grew up in the city. We didn't ride around in a car, hearing music coming out of the radio on summer nights. We heard it echoing through the streets.

In the late '70s, the music business was getting big and bloated, and those records by the Clash and the Ramones and the Sex Pistols and Elvis Costello just cut through all that. They laid down a challenge to the older bands, and that includes the Stones-I suppose that Some Girls was a response to the challenge of punk. And, of course, it started here in New York with the Dolls. So that's where Vinyl starts.



TERENCE WINTER SHOWRUNNER: EXECUTIVE PRODUCER

>[It took] two seconds. We were in Marty's house: me,

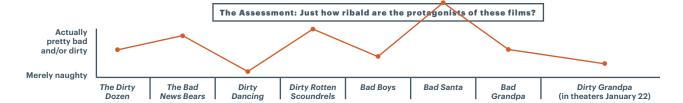
Marty, Mick, and HBO. We said, "We want to do a show set in the '70s about rock 'n' roll." And they said, "Great."

Usually, you use special effects to make things look better. We actually need them to make things look worse. And it's not cheap.

We have pigeons out here, too. You get three pigeons who can act and you get them in, and they just act like pigeons.

At one point, there was an episode where Bobby [Cannavale] didn't do a lot of coke.... He was like, "It's nice taking a break."

It's sort of a powdered baby laxative. If you're doing one scene and it calls for you



to do a line of coke and you do the scene ten times, that's a lot of baby laxative.



BOBBY CANNAVALE ACTOR; PLAYS RICHIE, HEAD OF AMERICAN CENTURY MUSIC

> It's not baby laxative! It's milk powder. If it were baby laxative, I'd be shitting myself all the time.

We'd be shooting on Central Park South and looking out the window, and Marty'd go, "Oh boy, I was just thinking about the time we shot that scene [in *Taxi Driver*] with Bob [De Niro] where he takes the shot at the guy when he's giving the speech." Or he would tell me about, like, going with his friends and finding bodies that were just dumped out of cars into that alley from Jersey Street.

[Bruce Springsteen is] my favorite. I'm from Jersey, man. In, like, episode six, there's a scene at Max's Kansas City where Bruce opens for Bob Marley. Later, another character brings [Bruce] up and I don't act that interested. It was a hard scene for me. It was like doing a scene where I say the Yankees suck or something.

[Richie is from] the template that goes back to the ancient Greeks and to Shake-speare: the fallen king, just trying to do anything he can to hold on to his kingdom.



OLIVIA WILDE
ACTOR; PLAYS DEVON,
FORMER MEMBER OF
WARHOL'S FACTORY AND
RICHIE'S WIFE

▶ I gave birth and was on the set of the pilot four weeks later. You have that confidence that you just produced a human being and therefore you're capable of anything. And so I walked onto that set like, "All right, Marty, let's do this."

What Esquire Is... Listening To

Devon, as originally written, was not very developed. We were shooting the scene where I find Bobby drunk in the den. The original scene was that I walked in, saw what he was doing, and walked right out. I said, "Bobby, Marty, I'm going to try something a little different," and they said, "Great." So I spat in [Bobby's] face.

There was this silence after cut that felt interminably long. I thought, "Okay, [Marty] either hates this and I'm fired or he likes it." And finally, he said, "Now she's somebody."

That was one of the most gratifying moments of my career.



JUNO TEMPLE
ACTOR; PLAYS JAMIE,
A&R ASSISTANT AT
AMERICAN CENTURY

► My dad's [Julien Temple,

filmmaker and Sex Pistols collaborator] got a big history with punk music. You know, "the sound of a revolution."

I put myself on tape and tried to look as '70s as possible with what I had in my suitcase. I wore an original Sex Pistols T-shirt that has Minnie and Mickey Mouse, but they're fucking and it has the anarchy symbol.

I kind of wish I'd been a child in 1973.



RAY ROMANO
ACTOR; PLAYS ZAK,
PARTNER AT AMERICAN
CENTURY

>If you saw an [actor] who

was a broad character for nine years on a show in your living room every night, seeing him in a dramatic role takes an adjustment. Which is why one of the luckiest things is that when I auditioned for Martin Scorsese, he had never heard of me.

His casting director said, "Listen, Marty

likes what he saw, and he's also never heard of him or seen him before." And my agent actually had to ask her as a follow-up question, like, "Do you mean he's never seen the show or he's never seen..." And she said, "He's never heard of or seen Ray."

I don't want to sound incredulous, because that's a little pompous of me to say "How could he have not heard of me?" But we were a little baffled by it.

It's not Ray Barone. It's gritty. I had to do a sex scene, too, so that may turn everybody off. This is my warning: Episode seven, just go bowling.



JAMES JAGGER ACTOR; PLAYS KIP, LEAD SINGER OF PUNK BAND THE NASTY BITS

I'd just started getting back into acting [after touring with my band since 2011] and [my manager] sent me the sides, being like, "It's Marty, Terence, and your dad's thing." And I was like, "Hey, hold on a minute." I had read the script as a film when I was, like, 15 or something.

I had to audition on tape, then I came to New York to audition. And then I had to do what I think was just the dickhead test: I had to go sit down with Marty for a half hour, and if I was a massive knob, then he would've said, "No, I'm not working with that guy."

I really don't give a fuck what people think about my upbringing; I've been Mick Jagger's son more than I've been my own person. I don't really give a fuck if someone's a really big Rolling Stones fan and they're being weird toward me. I'm very proud of my dad and his achievements, and if someone wants to take a photo of me'cause I'm his son, I don't give a fuck. It doesn't make me feel like a genius, but I'm more than happy to play that role.

There are quite a few things in New York [from the '70s] that are still there. You can go into John Varvatos and lick the wall if you want. Might still have a bit of CBGB on it.

The Woman to my left shouted "Testify!" while the guy to my right want. N

The woman to my left shouted "Testify!" while the guy to my right attempted Drake's "Hotline Bling" dance. Kam Franklin fronts the Houston-based soul band the Suffers, part James Brown, part Alabama Shakes's Brittany Howard. She's among the rare singers who thrive on the edge of total depletion—just when you wonder whether her lungs or her legs will give out first, she musters a third wind. Testify! thesuffers.com

—ANDY LANGER

MICK JAGGER

➤ Nostalgia is a funny word. That means you wistfully, rather regretfully, wish you were there. And that's not what I think when I think about [the '70s]. I just think about some funny stories. 12

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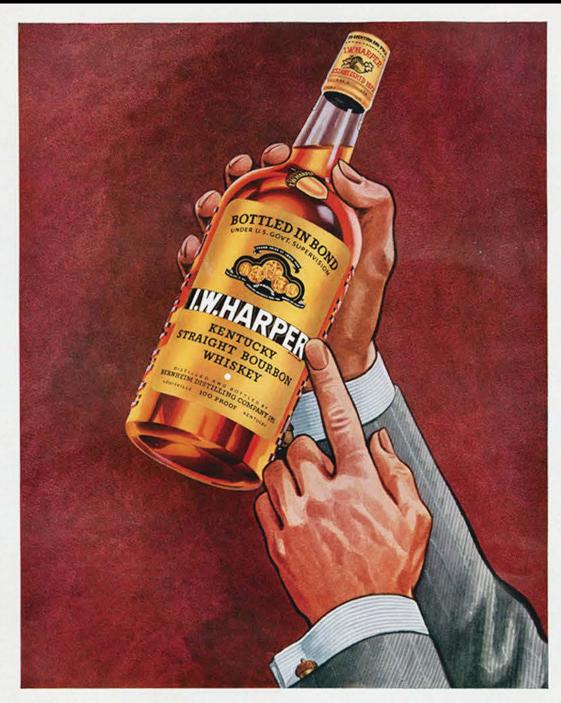
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bbi Jacobson & Ilana Glazer

WE ASKED THE CREATORS OF BROAD CITY TO TAKE A LOOK AT THIS STORY BEFORE IT WENT TO PRESS. THEY HAD SOME NOTES. and

By JULIA BLACK

"THIS WHOLE FUCKIN' PLACE IS WEIRD," says Ilana Glazer as she strides into the Bowery Hotel alongside Broad City cocreator Abbi Jacobson. They're the ones who picked it for the interview, but never mind they want to know what the hell this interior designer was going for. A medieval castle? Colonial desert lodge? Miss Havisham's house? "It's, like, kind of maybe haunted," Jacobson says quietly, looking at a man with white 19thcentury muttonchops who's been staring at them since they walked in.

Then again, maybe Muttonchops is just another fan working up the courage to ask for a group selfie; they are, after all, on *Broad City*'s home turf. The New York-set Comedy Central series follows Jacobson's and Glazer's fictional alter egos, also named Abbi and Ilana, as they plot to overcome shitty jobs, leeching roommates, and romantic misadventures to become "the boss bitches we are in our minds." Their schemes inevitably fail, but on *Broad City*, as long as they have each other, they'll be just fine.

Hanging out with the real-life pair can feel a little like trying to tap into a secret radio frequency that only they can hear. They complete each other's sentences with astonishing accuracy, and even the tiniest revelations are cause for wonder: Ilana just took a barre class for the first time? Abbi almost went to prom with one of her brother's friends? Whoa! It'd be easy enough to believe



ABBI: Love this pic! Shot in the middle of a cold day shooting promo pics for season two ILANA: We were so innocent back then.

> ILANA: Me as Linda Richman in the Junior Cabaretiunior year of high school.





ABBI: Our real hair. ILANA: And our real smiles. :(



they were split from the same embryo, but the 28-year-old Glazer and 31-yearold Jacobson didn't meet until 2007, when they were both enrolled in improv classes at Upright Citizens Brigade.

Broad City began as a Web series in 2010, garnering early adopters like Questlove before Amy Poehler entered the picture as a mentor for and executive producer of the television iteration, which debuted in 2014 and begins its third season on February 17. The show has attracted guest stars from Seth Rogen to Janeane Garofalo to Kelly Ripa (who made a standout cameo in season two as a foulmouthed, moonshine-pounding version of Kelly Ripa). Even so, Jacobson, who has a fine-arts degree from the Maryland Institute College of Art, regards meeting artist Maira Kalman as her most high-stakes celebrity encounter. "I geeked out," she says. "I was like, 'I ruined it.' "No, you didn't ruin it!" Glazer encourages. Despite Glazer's habit of speaking over Jacobson, their rapport recalls the show's running joke that dominant, charismatic Ilana worships insecure Abbi. (Ilana, characterizing Abbi to a stranger: "Chocolatebrown eyes, ass of an angel?") yourny truths

As modern as Broad City's themes may be, the duo's dynamic is classic straight man and screwball. Glazer cannot sit still; she flings her legs over the arm of a chair, straddles two more, perches on the edge of another, and stares into the fireplace before eventually settling cross-legged on the floor. Jacobson, meanwhile, appears to be slowly disappearing into the back of a plush brown couch.

Broad City has modest ratings, hovering just over a million viewers per episode (not including the millions of online views each has). And speaking of the audience, do they consider Broad City a show for men? "Are you dumb?" says Glazer bluntly, "It's... bizarre to view television, film, or anything as one or the other," says Jacobson with slightly more tact. They spend several minutes on the absurdity of a status quo where the "straight white guy" perspective is the default entertainment for all Americans and a "show starring a black guy is for black people, a show about women is for women, and a show about black women is for black women." Statistics later provided by Comedy Central indicate that 60 percent of their TV audience is, in fact, male, but that's beside the point. A pot of frustrations that began simmering when the show premiered has been stirred-frustrations like being lumped in with Girls as some kind of passing chicks-in-comedy fad. "Taking it back while still looking good!" says Glazer in a 1930s-radio-announcer voice.

Still, they must recognize the momentum in social progress that's built up over the past couple of years. Glazer has a theory: "I think the world is ending soon. No joke ... it's like, before we go, let us just say that this has been really unfair." It's a strange silver lining that our collective conscience could steer us toward justice and equality just in time for us to burn in flames.

*Before things wrap up, Glazer and Jacobson separately excuse themselves to go to the bathroom, briefly leaving the other to be questioned alone. Finally apart, they ruminate on being seen as a package deal. Jacobson says she gets annoyed when her quotes are attributed to Glazer or vice versa, like "it doesn't matter who says what." Glazer reveals they're each beginning to branch out with independent projects, even as they move forward together on the show and an upcoming Paul Feig movie. Mostly, they seem a little unmoored in each other's absence, and when the interview ends, they decide to stay behind in the lobby. The apocalypse may be upon them, but as long as they have each other, they'll be just fine. 19

101 caps

Ilana said kidding

YES SHE DID!

think I ruined

HAHA! SO TruE! each din chos never has















Cameras Still Matter

THE DIGITAL MAN RETURNS AND ADDRESSES THE SMARTPHONE ERA

IOFTEN GET CALLS from chairpeople of major motion-picture studios when I'm taking a bath. I don't know if this is a coincidence or because I take a lot of baths. Regardless, never are the calls jobrelated. Instead, I'm grilled on which camera they should buy their secretary or kid.

I don't mind. The definition of a film director is someone with opinions about everything. I tell people where to sit and stand, how fast to talk. At home, I tell Sweetie (the wife) what fridge drawer to put the butter in. (Her response: "Barry. Get a job.")

Because Sweetie and I were planning a road trip from Telluride, Colorado, where we live, to Marfa, Texas, I figured that at a time when every phone has a sophisticated camera (I own three), I should determine if you or I really need anything else.

Here's the thing: Most smartphones are fantastic. They take sharp, colorful photos. They are always with you. They are phones. If you view your shots only on a

How to Build the Hardest Obstacle Course in the World

Somewhere between engineering and entertainment there is Kent Weed. As executive producer of the newest addition to the American Ninja Warrior franchise, Team Ninja Warrior (premiering January 19), Weed devises ways to make Ninjas succeed—and fail—as spectacularly as possible. He walked us through the invention of the spin-off's first original obstacle.

-JULIA BLACK

[1] We sit down and sketch out the initial design, trying to come up with obstacles that test multiple skill sets—the Sonic Swing works with speed, agility, and upper-body and grip strength. The contestants take a running jump off floating steps onto a rope swing before moving onto a

platform and then another rope swing.

[2] Our construction and engineering partners render the obstacle with a design program, then test a full-scale model with professional athletes and former Ninjas, adjusting angles and distances to fine-tune difficulty. We tried about 100 obstacles on paper and built about 20 in order to come up with the 9 we use in our course.

[3] Teams of three—two men, one woman—compete head-to-head. We design the course knowing that finishing is more important than failure; no one wants to watch a 100-meter dash where one guy pulls a hamstring halfway through. Not that you could call this easy.

Mercifully, me trying it out is not part of the process.



The Digital Man Explains: HIGH-DYNAMIC-RANGE Photography

So you're photographing your wife (Sweetie) in the shade in the bright outdoors or in front of a piece of art made of fluorescent lights. Expose for her, the light is a white blob. Expose for the light, Sweetie is a silhouette. While most phones have an auto-HDR mode that marries two different exposures in one photo, the cameras I tested shoot up to seven overand underexposed frames. This is much better. Using a computer program (my favorite: Photomatix), combine the underexposed frames of the light and the overexposed frames of Sweetie. Together they create the perfect exposure for both.

screen, you're often fine with your iPhone 6s Plus or Galaxy Note 5. (But why doesn't the iPhone shoot stills in 16x9? Weird.)

However, sometimes a smartphone isn't good enough. Dedicated cameras take better photos of moving objects, faces, and the outdoors. I loved three on my trip.

If you want to photograph things that move and are far away, like your kid's soccer game or a once-in-a-lifetime safari, get the [1] Panasonic Lumix DMC-FZ1000 (\$800). It's bigger than a phone but incredibly versatile, with a sharp Leica lens that can zoom a ton (from a wide-angle 25mm to a telephoto 400mm). All three cameras and smartphones film 4K video, but that mode's shutter speed doesn't prevent each frame from getting blurred when your kid scores or that cheetah starts running at you. The FZ1000 fixes this with its 4K photo mode, which allows you to shoot 30 8mp photos per second at whatever shutter speed you need to clearly freeze the action. You pick the photo you want and discard the rest. (Each camera I tested lets you send selected photos to your smartphone via WiFi, clunkily.)

If you want something that fits in your pocket, carry the [2] Sony RX100 IV (\$950). Even though a smartphone's camera may have a great field of view, its lens is only about 5mm—a very, very wide lens that in close-ups can turn the facial characteristics of a pug into those of a dachshund. The RX100 IV has the equivalent of a 24-to-70mm zoom lens, which is much more flattering. It also has both a sharp pop-up viewfinder and an LCD screen that flips 180 degrees for selfies with that pug.

If you are serious about photography and rich, the [3] Sony a7R II (\$3,200) is the way to go. It is fairly small for its amazing capabilities: It's a mirrorless camera with a 42-meg full-frame (the same size as the film frame of a 35mm camera) sensor that allows you to print enormous images. It can also practically see in the dark-without the green tones of night vision. Since I'm afraid of bears, ghosts, and, really, all things I can't control, when I walk my dog in the black Telluride night, I usually carry a flashlight that could blind anything that tried to attack me except an extraterrestrial from a very bright planet. But once, I held the a7R II in front of me instead and "saw" into the darkness. Though it might not be best to use a \$3,000 camera as a night-vision scope or weapon, it kept me safe.

But there is another reason to use a dedicated camera: You hold it to your eye. This is important. It facilitates framing and concentration. You avoid the telephone pole in the corner and straighten the horizon. You compose a photo instead of just take one. It feels good. During my 1,500-mile trip, I rarely reached for my smartphones. 18

Barry Sonnenfeld is an Emmy Awardwinning television director and the director of Get Shorty and the Men in Black films.

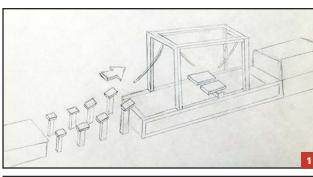
What Esquire Is... **Eating After Drinking**

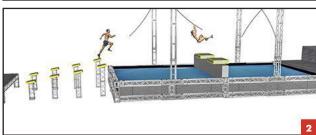
► Totto Ramen, New York City: Like hamburgers, fried chicken, and most other simple culinary pleasures, ramen has become, if not overrated, then overconsidered as popularity gives rise to ubiquity, ubiquity gives rise to novelty, and novelty gives rise to the agonizing suspicion that somewhere out there exists a variant of ramen superior to the perfectly good ramen we have always loved.

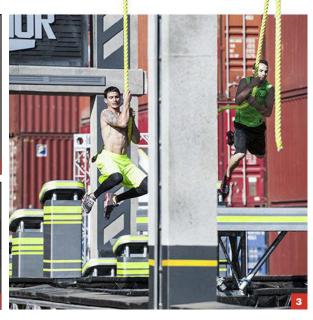
Nevertheless: the best ramen? The best ramen was the ramen Late at Totto Ramen, late at night, after I stopped tasting the vodka in the dirty martinis I was drinking with a friend and started tasting only the dirty. It was the ramen that seemed to be waiting for us, that came to the table in five minutes despite the restaurant's jostling crowd. It was the ramen that stopped me from feeling sick and spared me from a hangover the next morning. It was the ramen that managed to be not only delicious but also medicinal-no, curative.

With its joltingly salty broth, nest of carbohydrates, and melted pork fat as unctuous as cream, ramen is an unlikely nostrum. Indeed, it is as bad for you as any of the other overconsidered simple pleasures. But hamburgers and fried chicken make you sick. The best ramen is the ramen that makes you well. tottoramen.com

TOM JUNOD









2016 NORTH AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL AUTO SHOW

PRESS PREVIEW: JANUARY 11-12 | INDUSTRY PREVIEW: JANUARY 13-14 CHARITY PREVIEW: JANUARY 15 | PUBLIC SHOW: JANUARY 16-24

All roads lead to Detroit. As the automotive industry drives into the future, Detroit remains in the driver's seat and NAIAS is the destination where next-generation products and technologies continue to make their world debuts.

















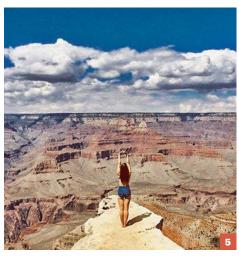
TO START, YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT...

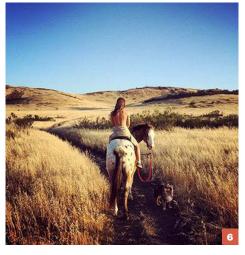
1. PORTLAND, OREGON

South of the city, not far beyond Jawbone Flats, an old mining camp with defunct boilers and rusty cars, surrounded by 700-year-old Douglas firs, is Opal Pool, a waterfall and watering hole shimmering the color turquoise.

2. MALIBU, CALIFORNIA

On the Pacific Coast Highway, an obscure sign reads EL MATADOR. It marks a beach with stairs down the 150-foot bluff, spectacular caves and sunsets, and very few parking spaces.





3. CAPE TOWN, SOUTH AFRICA

In the winter, its beaches are chillier and yacht charters are cheaper. See the seal colony at Duiker Island; take in an evening with the granite boulders at Llandudno Beach; eat the fish and chips anywhere, really.

4. DOMINICA, CARIBBEAN

In the village of Trafalgar, there are twin waterfalls: a cool pool beneath the "Mama Falls," hot springs alongside the "Papa."

5. GRAND CANYON, ARIZONA

The South Kaibab Trail cuts through visible layers of time, down to the Colorado River.

6. VENTURA, CALIFORNIA

Vino Vaqueros (Wine Cowboys) in the Santa Ynez Valley coordinates 90minute horseback rides through vineyards. If you bring

your own cheese, they'll

refrigerate it for you.

How to Take Photos Like These, from the Woman Who Took These Photos

▶ Pay attention. My series on Instagram (@themagdalenaexperience) is all about symmetry. Balance is very attractive. But you don't need a tripod. Instead, tie the camera to a tree, or lean it on a rock, or hold it and frame it and have someone else shoot it. If you're alone, set it on a self-timer and run fast. Relax, breathe, shoot again till it feels right. —MAGDALENA WOSINSKA

AGING GOUDA

Set a day aside. Follow an online recipe. (Or consult Mastering Basic Cheesemaking out in April.)

GROWING TOMATOES

Start in a small indoor pot. Move outside around April.

CURING COPPA

Go to your butcher and ask for some pork neck. Rub with black pepper, garlic, sugar, juniper berries, fennel seed, coriander, and salt. Store in a wine cooler.

... MAKING A SANDWICH WITH THOSE THREE THINGS

Instructions are at esquire.com/july-sandwich.

GROWING A BEARD

The typical man grows a half inch per month. Taking some trimming into account, that's a good two inches.

LEARNING A LANGUAGE

Google "Chris Lonsdale TED Talk." Or complete one level of Rosetta Stone training a month (40 to 50 hours per level).

TRAINING FOR AN IRONMAN

Follow a strict training regimen, increasing your swimming, running, and cycling about 10 percent each week.

...OR JUST LOSING A FEW POUNDS

Trimming a pound a week means 22 fewer come July 1. Loads of vegetables. Fish instead of beef. Liquor instead of beer.



For Unknown Grandeur: Yosemite

AND ITS REACHES TO WHICH TOO FEW VENTURE

BY ROBERT FARLE HOWELLS

SEVENTY PERCENT of the hordes that descend upon Yosemite National Park—and descend they shall this year, the centennial of the National Park Service—end their journey in Yosemite Valley. It is 1 percent of the park. The rest of the gorgeous Sierra Nevada—backcountry peaks, high-country meadows, alpine lakes, pristine snowmelt rivers—lies just beyond the valley of the masses. Go there.

Set up your base for car camping at the Tuolumne Meadows Campground. You can reserve a
spot on recreation.gov for the first half of July on
February 15 and for the second half on March 15.
You'll need to prepare and log on at exactly seven
in the morning Pacific Time on those days to have
a shot. (If you get skunked, half the sites at the
campground are first-come, first-served. There
are more reservable spots at other camps, but no
others in Yosemite's high country, where you want
to be.) From there, make your foray into the wild.

The meadows themselves—at their greenest in July—are among the largest in the Sierras and spread between two glaciated granite domes: Pothole Dome, at the west end, is a fun scramble on classic high-friction rock. Lembert Dome, at the east end, stands higher and is worth the day hike from the trailhead in the eastern meadows. The three-mile round trip circles around to the back end of the dome, culminating in a glorious view from the 9,450-foot peak of the pate—the meadows far below and granite summits far away.

Or target the park's highest peak: Mount Lyell, at 13,114 feet. It's 13.5 miles from Tuolumne Meadows via Lyell Canyon on the trail named for explorer, naturalist, and author John Muir, who tra-

versed the land more than a century ago. Unless you intend to hike all day, backpack for two days and sleep in the canyon. To stay overnight, you'll need a wilderness permit, which is available 168 days in advance (as in, February 1 for July 18) via a process involving a fax machine. The approach to the peak is gentle but gets tougher toward the goal, with an optional stint on the rapidly receding Lyell Glacier. Train accordingly. Your reward is a view of the high summits of the Ansel Adams Wilderness and the Merced and Tuolumne Rivers. In his 1912 book, *The Yosemite*, Muir declared this stretch of country "the grandest of all the Yosemite excursions"—best seen, he said, "from about the middle of July." His wisdom stands.

Robert Earle Howells writes smartphone audio tours of national parks, available at justahead.com.



THIS PAGE: PHOTOGRAPHS BY MAGDALENA WOSINSKA

For Earned Quiet: Tofino

THE BEST-KEPT SECRET OF ... CANADA

JULY'S BEST BEACH is not hot. It is 3,000 miles north of Mexico's mosquitoes and the Caribbean's downpours, deep into the western reaches of Canada, making it the last coastal destination on many people's minds—which is exactly why you should seek it out.

Tofino feels secret. To get to the village from Vancouver, you need to embark on a journey that is neither easy nor quick. It involves a two-hour ferry ride across the Salish Sea, then a three-hour (yet spectacular) drive through mountains and the Pacific Rim's dense temperate rain forest. And there, tucked on Vancouver Island, is a place where in the summer it rarely rains and the temperatures kindly stay in the 60s, with the occasional 80-degree day.

On Chesterman Beach, you are in the midst of all seasons: white-sand stretches surrounded by redcedar trees and enduring snow atop the mountains on nearby islands. Surf there. It is built for beginners. Ever since the early '70s, when British Columbia Highway 4 finally connected the area with

the rest of the island, enthusiasts have sought out the year-round waves and waters hovering around 50 degrees. (For warmer waters, head to the geothermal hot springs 25 miles away in





Maquinna Marine Provincial Park, accessible by water taxi or seaplane.)

The 75-room Wickaninnish Inn (call it "The Wick"), on the northern end of Chesterman, is the hotel that made Tofino a destination when it opened 20 years ago. All its rooms have ocean views, balconies, and fireplaces. Request the Wick's beach building, which is newer, has bigger rooms, and sits right on the sand. Eat the seafood: the beach-side Monday, Wednesday, and Friday Dungeness-crab cookouts at the inn; the potato-crusted oysters with apple and truffles at Wolf in the Fog (with a Cedar Sour cocktail); the fish and chips at Wild-side Grill, a parking-lot stand co-owned by a fisherman and a chef. It all comes from the local waters.

And while you, like the mild days and the faraway snowcaps, linger, look for the gray whales as they feed before heading south. One of them, named Two Dot Star by the locals, has traveled through Tofino season after season for decades. You will understand why.

What Else to Look Forward To

► THROUGHOUT

Watermelons. Green beans. Summer squash. Salmon in the Northwest. Blue crab on the East Coast (and, of course, lobster, too).

JULY 4

America turning 240.

JULY 10

A day of European sports: watching the Wimbledon men's-singles final in the morning, the UEFA Euro (that is, soccer) championship in the afternoon, and the Tour de France during commercials.

JULY 15

Ghostbusters; La La Land (from the director of Whiplash).

▶ THROUGHOUT

Going outside at 9:00 P.M., looking up, and seeing Hercules, Scorpius, and Draco at their best.

JULY 22

Star Trek Bevond.

▶ JULY 22-24

Newport Folk Festival. (The Jazz Festival starts a week later.)

▶ JULY 28-31

Lollapalooza, in Chicago, with a fourth day this year.

AUGUST 1

More summer.

FOUR OTHER WONDERFUL PLACES WITH VERY FEW PEOPLE

FIRE LOOKOUTS,

Out-of-use mountain huts with panoramic views of the wilderness, scattered throughout the country. Reserve them at: recreation.gov.

LETCHWORTH STATE PARK, NEW YORK

The "Grand Canyon of the East," which too few know about. Hot-airballoon tours through the gorge: balloonsoverletchworth.com.

JAMESTOWN, ST. HELENA ISLAND

Napoleon's tomb. Earth's oldest animal. Fewer than 1,000 residents. Book lodging in advance: enquiries@ tourism.co.sh.

NINGALOO REEF,

The lesser-known alternative to the Great Barrier Reef. To swim right beside a whale shark, the largest fish on the planet: whalesharkdive.com.

The Frigidaire FFRF0833Q1, Last summer. The Sweethome.com, a smart and exhaustive reviewer of home goods, named this model the best AC unit for the second consecutive year. It is light, has a particularly useful remote, and is not too noisy. You could potentially find it on sale now. It costs about \$64 to operate annually. Depending on the markdown, you might get a year of use for free.



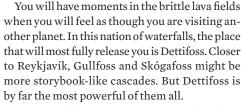
For Revelation: Iceland

BUT YOU MUST ABANDON ITS GLORIOUS COAST BY CHRIS JONES

IF YOU GO TO ICELAND this July, you're going to wish you'd gone to Iceland ten years ago. Because of Game of Thrones, the migratory patterns of cruise ships, and a weird unspoken agreement between bros and backpacking hippies that Iceland is the cool place to go, the island is ablaze with tourists. This is especially true in the summertime, with its lures of good weather and perpetual daylight. Holy shit, it's crowded. But if you don't go to Iceland this July, you will regret it for the rest of your life, because Iceland, even in the midst of its changes, will also change you.

Most tourists fly into Reykjavík, indulge in its storied nightlife, and maybe travel as far afield

as Jökulsárlón, the glacial lagoon on the south coast. (The lagoon's fame is justified: Hundreds of great chunks of blue ice drift past a black-sand beach to the sea.) That means you can still find some semblance of escape if you do this: Rent a 4x4, take the Ring Road clockwise rather than counterclockwise, and plunge into Iceland's interior.



Imagine a flat, gray moonscape, rocky and inhospitable. Now imagine you see a white cloud rising over it in the distance, and you hear the sound of thunder. And then you practically stumble upon an enormous waterfall pouring into the hole it has pounded out of the earth, and because Iceland is still Iceland in a lot of ways,

> imagine you can walk right up to its edge, at its apex. Imagine you can stand on the very last rock between you and oblivion. Dizzy and deafened and slick with cold mist, you won't care that you didn't make it to Iceland ten years ago. You'll be too happy that you're standing there today, and too hopeful about where you'll decide to go tomorrow.



TRAVEL ADVICE FROM YOUR NEW PERSONAL **ADVOCATE** BY STACEY WOODS

In anticipation of what I hope is your best July yet, I've compiled a list of flying tips to help you stay sharp in today's everdemoralizing air-travel scene. (Forewarning: They hardly do tablecloths for lunch anymore, and good luck finding a bud vase anywhere.)

For \$85, you can get TSA PreCheck-ed. Simply fill out the form, gather the documents, go to an interview to be fingerprinted and asked about , your travel habits, pay the nonrefundable fee wait a few weeks, and if you're deemed a "lowrisk passenger," you can go in a line where you don't have to take off your shoes. It sounds like a lot because it is: only those with the patience and single-mindedness of high-risk criminals should consider trying to become low-risk passengers.

The easiest way to get upgrades, in order, is to pay, to earn them, and to bewitch the gate agent. "It's agent judgment," admits a Delta ticketing agent I spoke to who has upgraded all kinds of loudmouths who don't deserve it more than I do. Instead, she says, ask to be added to the agent's "wish list" of people who wish to be upgraded, and then, well, wish.

The only people eligible for preboarding are those with legitimate disabilities, not anxiety or xenophobia. I asked.

As for sedatives. Ambien's popular, but do test runs on land, since it can cause sleepwalking, as my neighbors and I are finding. Besides, there'll be plenty of time to get drunk once vou're comfortably settled at your next lavover.





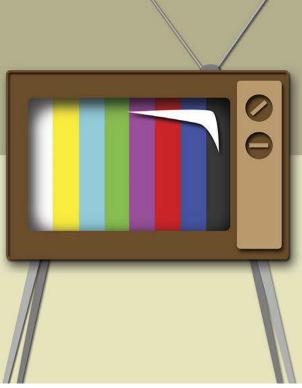
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EARLONG TEN-PAI OW TO GET STRON FASTER, HEALTHIER, AND BETTER **EVERY AGE** AND

WHAT WE MEAN BY "FITNESS"

It's about strength, of course, and stamina and vitality and looking our very best with our clothes on and off. But fitness is also about protecting and enhancing the only body we've got. It's about our health, and it's why we've partnered with two world-beaters in the wellness business: Equinox, the luxury-gym heavyweight, whose vice-president of health and human performance, David Harris, will recommend new exercises every month to create a rock-solid foundation for a healthy future; and the Mayo Clinic, one of the world's great hospitals, whose specialists will tackle a different medical topic every issue, giving advice on how we can age better through diet, lifestyle, and the wonders of modern (and ancient) science.

This installment of the Esquire Fitness Challenge, the

first of ten, is filled with everyday movements—lifting, carrying, bending, twisting—and Harris designed the exercises with the average thirty-five-year-old man in mind. (Such a man is in decent shape, works out when he can, and harbors no major complaints; physically, he is not all that different from a slightly out-of-shape twenty-six-year-old or an active older guy, and he'll be our baseline.) Every month moving forward, the Challenge will get a little harder, introducing tougher exercises, and come December, those who follow the program will be strong and healthy enough to do just about anything—maybe even compete for a spot on the Esquire Network's *American Ninja Warrior* (see page 45). Anything will

be possible, and that, above all else, is

what fitness is about.

GET STARTED

FITNESS

THE WARM-UP

THREE STRETCHES TO EXTEND YOUR RANGE OF MOTION AND LOOSEN TIGHTNESS IN YOUR JOINTS AND SPINE



Start with a foam roller. Lying faceup on the floor, center the roller beneath your midback so that it is perpendicular to your body. Rest your hands behind your head and roll up and down the spine, pausing to roll back and forth at tight or knotted areas. Repeat on your glutes/hip. One minute.



Lying faceup, with both legs straight up in the air and each hand gripping a resistance band, loop the band around the bottom of one foot and pull downward to create some tension in the band. Slowly lower the other leg to the floor—keeping both legs as straight as possible—and then bring the moving leg back to the upright starting position.

Alternating legs, do two sets of eight reps.



Finish in the child's pose, with both elbows on the

ground beneath your chest. Keeping one elbow on the floor, place one hand behind your head and, leading with the elbow of your free hand, rotate your torso until your elbow is pointing to the ceiling. Return to the start. Repeat on the other side.

Two sets of five reps.

THE WORKOUT

THREE DAYS A WEEK, MIXING UP THE ORDER AS YOU GO. TOO EASY? INCREASE WEIGHT AND/OR REPS. TOO HARD? CUT DOWN.

1 KETTLEBELL DEADLIFT



- ▶ Standing over a 28-kilogram kettlebell with the handle in line with your heels, reach your hips back as you bend forward, remaining tall through the spine.
- ▶ Grasp the handle firmly with both hands and push your hips forward, driving to a standing position. Return to the starting pose by sitting back on your hips and bending forward, with your spine in a neutral position.
- Three sets of eight reps.

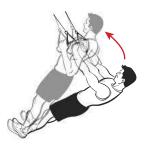
3 PLANK-POSITION

WEIGHTED ROW



- Place one hand on a bench and get into the plank position with your feet shoulderwidth apart. With the opposite hand, pick up a 35-pound weight, place it just under your armpit, and return it to the floor. Make sure your ips are aligned with your spine to create the necessary core tension in the torso.
- Three sets of eight reps on each side.

4 TRX ROW



- ▶ With your suspension strap anchored to the wall and each hand gripping a handle, walk your feet forward as you lean back. From a hanging position, squeeze your shoulder blades and pull yourself up.
- Return to the hanging position in a controlled manner and repeat.
- Three sets of ten reps.

5 HALF-KNEELING

VIPR CHOP



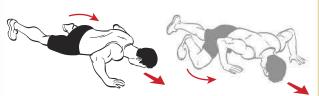
- ▶ In a half-kneeling position, hold the handles of an 8-kilogram ViPR tube at chest height, close to the body. ▶ Without rotating your torso, raise the left side of the tube above your left shoulder while extending the right side out. Chop the tube down, across your torso, toward the right hip. In one fluid motion, raise the tube over your shoulder again and repeat.
- Three sets of twelve reps on each side.

6 SUITCASE CARRY



- ▶ Hold a 28-kilogram kettlebell in one hand, letting it hang by your side as you keep your spine straight. Carry it for twenty-five steps and back with your shoulders aligned. Repeat with your other hand.
- Three sets.
- ▶ WARNING! This sounds easier than it is. If the weight is pulling or rotating your spine toward the weighted side and you are rotated when walking, it is too heavy.

2 FLOOR CRAWL



- Assume the plank position, with your hips low to the floor (but not touching it).
- ▶ To begin crawling, raise one knee and the opposite arm while fully extending the other leg and bending your other arm. Crawl slowly to the other side of the room and back. About 10 minutes.

SUGGESTED EQUIPMENT



FOAM ROLLER: Blue or green (medium density, with some squishiness and give to it).



RESISTANCE BAND: Rubber, four to five feet long. Make it a Gray Cook: The loop on each end wraps around your biceps.



FREE WEIGHTS: Nothing too complicated.



- Stand in a split stance and hold the handles of an 8-kilogram ViPR tube at chest height.
- Descend by dropping your right knee to the floor. At the bottom of the squat, shift the tube all the way to your left without shifting your torso. (It's important to resist the pressure the ViPR attempts to exert on your body.) Hold this position for three to five seconds before returning to the upright starting position. Switch legs (drop left knee to the floor, shift tube to the right).
- Three sets of eight reps.

8 STRENGTH PUSH-UP



- Start in the plank position, with your hands directly beneath your shoulders. As you lower your chest to the floor, pull your shoulder blades together.
- ▶ Hold the bottom position for one second and then drive away from the floor, returning to the plank position with your elbows fully extended.
- Three sets of ten reps.



THE MAYO CLINIC ON METABOLISM

HOW TO OPTIMIZE THE WAY YOUR BODY DIGESTS FOOD AND TURNS IT INTO FUEL

WIN A CHANCE

TO BECOME A WARRIOR

This fall, we'll be offering

readers a chance to

demonstrate their physical

fitness, and may even grant

an opportunity to try out for

the Esquire Network's block-

buster series American

Ninja Warrior. If you're already

in Ninja-level shape (which is

to say: really excellent shape),

check back with us in seven

months; if you could use a

little help, the Esquire Fitness

Challenge will help get you

where you need to be. Stick

with it, and stay with us.

The math is pretty simple: The more you exercise, the more calories you burn and the less you have to worry about eating whatever you damn well please. How our metabolism changes as we get older, though—that's what makes things tricky.

Most of us are born with a resting metabolic rate—the number of calories we burn just to

stay alive-and that baseline dictates how often we have to exercise in our twenties to offset any benders, hangovers, et al. Some of us have a fast resting metabolic rate and therefore require little to no exercise (thanks, Mom and Dad!), while others of us have a slower one and therefore require more exercise and/or patronage of a local Big & Tall emporium (add it to the list of grievances). It's the luck of the genetic draw, and there's not a lot anyone can do about it beyond work-

ing out and watching what you eat. (There is nothing to hack here, folks.)

Then things change. For most of us, our resting metabolic rate starts to slow down in our mid-thirties. That's when muscle mass begins to decline at a rate of about 1 percent a year (if left unchecked), and this presents a particular problem for your metabolism, since lean muscle burns more calories than fat does. Even if you're working out just as much as you did in your twenties, you'll still gain weight; what's worse, since muscle mass will continue to de-

cline, its impact increases over time. This is what led Descartes to his famous theorem: Less muscle+more fat=slower metabolism=bigger gut².

(Maybe it wasn't Descartes.)

That's why increasing the frequency and intensity of weight training and cardio in your thirties and beyond isn't just about building up muscle and bringing down your half-marathon

> time—it's also about trying to maintain the metabolism you had in your youth so that the rest of your life isn't one long slide into lumpiness.

> There aren't any miracle metabolism-boosting foods, beverages, or supplements—only foods that pack more calories per bite than others, like the rich and fatty, and alcohol. (The process of burning off alcohol in the liver actually supersedes the burning of fat calorie for calorie, so when you drink a hundred calories' worth of alcohol, you're also

preventing your body from burning a hundred calories of fat. Hence beer guts.) Avoid consuming these foods and alcohol in excess. Or work out more. Up to you. —JULIA BLACK

With thanks to Dr. Donald D. Hensrud, medical director of the Mayo Clinic Healthy Living Program, and Dr. Michael D. Jensen, endocrinologist at the Mayo Clinic in Minnesota.

NEXT MONTH FROM THE MAYO CLINIC: JOINTS! (NOT THAT KIND. THE OTHER KIND.)



ViPR TUBE: Pronounced *viper.* This weighted tube lets you shift and chop in different planes of motion. Order from Amazon.



KETTLEBELL: Start with 28 kilograms—it should be challenging to shrug your shoulder while holding it with one hand. Adjust weight accordingly.



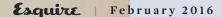


Just because you don't see it, doesn't mean it isn't there.

Introducing the newly redesigned Volkswagen Passat with Blind Spot Monitor, one of seven available Driver Assistance features.* Passat. Where family happens.







STYLE

WORK: 2016

How to look like you know what you're doing in any office—even one with a Ping-Pong table



WORK: 2016

The Deconstruction

New Power Suit

And it's not even technically a suit

THERE ONCE WAS A POWER-SUIT

archetype that lasted too long. It had hard lines with rigid structure. The navy blues and grays shined, as did the silk ties. And since powerful men wore it, it became a symbol of power itself, even if the too-wide shoulders slouched.

Today, circumstances may at times require a classic suit, but daily confidence doesn't require those tired hallmarks. It demands instead an examination of how close you want to stand to tradition. The outfit to the right is an example of what can be done now. We'll break it down.

Two-button cotton-and-linen jacket (\$1,150) by L.B.M. 1911; cotton T-shirt (\$64) by AG; cotton trousers (\$225) by MAC Jeans; suede boots (\$150) by Aldo; leather belt (\$360) by Ermenegildo Zegna; leather briefcase (\$1,095) by Ernest Alexander.



YEP, THAT'S A T-SHIRT

The rule has been that a dress shirt—with a tie or a few buttons undone—is the shirt that exudes the most power. But opposing the powerful is power, too. Thus the T-shirt: It's so far from the old style that you cannot wear it with a traditional suit jacket (particularly one with some sheen). Instead, find a jacket with texture and heft.

CONSIDER BROWN...

It's the halfway point between time immemorial (navy and gray) and Technicolor.

...AND THIS BLUE

Wearing only earth tones can make someone look like an earth-science teacher. If that's your target, fine. But don't rule out a sea tone. The brightness and contrast will punch up everything else, like a cool splash of—okay, you get it.

TUCKED? UNTUCKED?

You definitely do not want an oversized T-shirt under a jacket, let alone one that hangs below the bottom. But, assuming it's the proper length (i.e., just enough to tuck), don't stress about it.

THAT BAG IS SMART

See that L-shaped pocket? For your ideas notepad? Someone really considered it: the shape, how it's placed. Owning considered things makes you look considerable.

THE SLY CHINOS

Every outfit should deliver a subtle eff-you. Like these chinos: classic, but an understated printed pattern on the surface adds a bit of daring the guy next to you doesn't have.

CLOSE WITH A HYBRID

Suede is sophistication (upkeep required); boots are rugged. Rugged sophistication: If that doesn't come off as bold, poised, and compelling, nothing will.



LOOK AT ALL THESE GREAT Pants

Our favorite pairs, arranged for you

WE'RE GOING TO MAKE A GUESS: You wear three different kinds of pants to work. You wear suit pants. You wear tan chinos. You wear blue jeans. That is your range. And maybe that's all you need. It does the trick for a lot of people, and if you're one of them, stick to the left side of the chart below, with the neutral colors and vertical-slit pockets. But if you've grown tired of doing what's good—what's *okay*—there are as many great alternatives as ever. Consider five pockets, maroons and stripes, white corduroys, even drawstring waists—an entire spectrum ready to be explored, for those willing to stand apart.





THE OH, FK, I NEED A SUIT GUIDE TO

Buying a Suit Quick

WE GET IT. SOMETHING "JUST CAME UP." You "had no idea." It is "totally out of the ordinary," a "complete surprise." There is no time to regret being unprepared by not owning a suit, if only as a backup plan. These things happen—a ceremony in a few months at which you might very well be honored for what you did, or a face-to-face meeting (finally) with the big prospective client in just a week, or an interview for "well, how about tomorrow?"—and you've got to scramble. Here are your options for what to do next.

FK. I'VE GOT A COUPLE MONTHS

TRY INTERNET BESPOKE.

Several online services offer custom suiting. But be wary of any that require you to measure yourself. You likely don't know how (especially shoulder measurements, the most important). Look to J. Hilburn (custom suits start at \$605), which sends a consultant to you. He measures you and gives you fabric and color and other customization options (the lead time enables greater ambition). Then, in a month or so, the suit arrives at your doorstep.



FK, I'VE GOT A DAY

TRY OVERNIGHTING IT.

Assuming you have zero time—not even enough to run to a store—you're just going to have to buy something that fits well out of the box. Turn to **Suitsupply** (suits start at \$399). It offers all the customary services (in-store tailoring, additional customization) in several cities, but its staple suits come in a variety of fits and fabrics, like this pure-wool option. If you order one online by three in the afternoon, you'll get it the next day.



FK, I'VE GOT A WEEK

TRY BRICK AND MORTAR. Head to Men's Wearhouse—there is almost certainly one near you—and seek out a suit by Joseph Abboud (suits start at \$695). It should fit pretty well (focus on the shoulders bending where yours do), but have an in-house tailor hem or cuff the pants and maybe take in the jacket. Those alterations should take almost no time. More difficult ones—shortening sleeves, tapering pant legs—take a few days. If they're needed, see how quickly they





Michael Williams Cofounder, Paul + Williams; proprietor, A Continuous Lean

There's no silver bullet, but a leather or canvas briefcase with a shoulder strap is maneuverable and gets better over time. Like my Filson: \$265 for a bag that will easily last 30 years. In my bag: My Fujifilm X-E2 camera.



Josh Peskowitz Men's fashion director, Bloomingdale's

I don't like to carry a bag. I've found that a leather portfolio is the most elegant way to carry around workplace essentials-I'm never going back. In my bag: A Smythson pocket-sized notebook.



Morgan Collett Cofounder, Saturdays NYC

I leave at 7:30 and get back at 7:30. Between. I've got meetings, appointments, boxing-so I like a roomy but sleek mix of a tote, duffel, and backpack, like the square-bottom one we just made with Porter by Yoshida & Co. In my bag: Boxing gloves, a mouth guard.



WHAT'S THE BEST **WORK BAG?**

In an age when most documents can live on your phone, we asked five of the top minds in men's clothing what we should carry around. They disagreed.





WORK: 2016

Bruce Pask Men's fashion director, Bergdorf Goodman

I stand by my belief in having two bags in rotation: one that's more accommodating for your commute, like a soft-sided briefcase or a leather or canvas backpack. The seconda leather portfolio or envelope-stays in the office and travels to different meetings. It may sound like it's complicating things, but I say it provides a greater clarity of purpose for each.

In my bag: A small lined Moleskine notebook.



Eric Jennings Vice-president & fashion director of men's wear, Saks Fifth Avenue

An elegantly constructed all-leather backpack. Today, we all need to keep our hands free as we travel so that we can communicate on our mobile devices. Plus, a backpack balances the weight across both sides of your body. In my bag: Blotting paper.

▼ESQUIRE'S PICKS Clockwise: Leather tote (\$450) by Coach; calfskin backpack (\$545) by Piquadro; cotton-twilland-leather briefcase (\$235) by Filson.

Ask Nick Sullivan

Our fashion director will now take your questions



A lot of dress shirts are now made to be worn untucked. Can they be worn untucked with a blazer?

A: An untucked shirt always looks slovenly—like a 14-year-old student in detention at an upscale East Coast prep school—and this is only exaggerated when you put a blazer over it. The gap is just far too wide. Even in a casual-dress office, it's important not to overstep the mark. Would you wear jogging pants? Pajama bottoms? No.



Is it ever appropriate to criticize a male coworker's attire?

A: If I was the boss and he was totally letting the office down, it would be in my interest to do so. If a coworker is a good friend and is letting himself down, I would say yes, at a push—it's in his interest. But given that even the most laid-back office can be a hotbed of politics, backstabbing, and intrigue, I'd steer clear of criticizing an equal altogether. That would be in nobody's interest.



Stephen Marche

The Vaguely **Unsettled Man's Guide to Virtual Reality**

AMONG THE TECHNOLOGY'S BIGGEST GLITCHES: IT INDUCES NAUSEA, CAUSES LONELINESS, DEMANDS COMPLETE SURRENDER TO THE MACHINE. (YOU KNOW, NO BIG DEAL.)

DROPPING IN. That's what they call it, the searchers who hide inside their headsets, filling their eyes with all-consuming visions. In virtual reality, dropping in is the moment when you forget the fact that you're in something and are just in it. For me, the moment arrives in a little over a minute, but it's different for everyone. Science fiction and the phrase itself have created the impression that virtual reality is like reality. It isn't. It is no alternate universe you can inhabit, or if it is, then we have had alternate universes since we started painting on the inside of caves. Dropping in is like the moment a book or a film swallows you, a technologically enabled version of the experience the Greeks called ekstasis, to stand outside oneself. Ecstasy. VR is controlled ecstasy-the dream of art since

A Tour of **Past Virtual Realities**

Ayahuasca: This hallucinogenic brew, made from Amazonian plants, has been curing various ills for centuries. Common side effects: visions and vomiting.



Stereoscope: The 19thcentury version of armchair tourism, featuring images of faraway locales and funny or erotic scenes.

Link flight trainer: Sold to amusement parks before being used to train World War II pilots. View-Master: Released

in 1939

its inception, realized in a plastic headset.

Nobody knows quite yet what controlled ecstasy will do to us. Oculus Rift will ship somewhere in the vicinity of 5 million units in 2016, and tiny bits of VR are already starting to attach to other forms of media: The New York Times, a United Nations guide to a refugee camp, a tie-in to The Martian. You will soon be able to watch a baseball game on the field through your eyes, and I can only assume that the VR version of Grand Theft Auto 7 will be one of the defining gaming events of 2020. The medium of virtual reality has arrived so quickly that even basic facts about its workings are mysterious. At FIVARS, an alternative VR storytelling festival I attended in Toronto this past fall, when the filmmakers asked me, "What did you think?" it wasn't a backhanded request for approval. They literally did not know what their products were doing to me. Before each experience, I had to sign a waiver. If a VR film drops a frame, it can make the viewer throw up. A sudden acceleration or a dip into the uncanny valley of facial detail can cause severe disorientation. Simple questions have not yet been answered. What is an establishing shot when the viewer can walk around in it? Can you cut away when inhabiting a singular perspective is the essence of VR? How many cuts? How long can people stand to be inside the machines?

The trick of dropping in is so subtle and so immersive that it passes without notice. During one short I watched, the set put me in an empty movie theater, so I did what I always do in an empty movie theater: I put my foot up against the back of the chair in front of me and nearly fell off my own because it didn't exist. Summer blockbusters spend hundreds of millions of dollars to make crowds "jump out of their seats." This is the first fact of the new medium, the source of its druglike power: VR is a physiological art form.

Physiological but bodiless. Touring the ruins of Syria. Blasting to the moon in *Apollo 11*. Flying over brown bears hunting salmon and rivers of molten lava in Kamchatka, Russia. These were all distinct experiences, but they shared one feature: I could see through my own body. Looking down through your own chest or legs onto a forest is not birdlike, nor is it a human sen-

Coldplay at the Super Bowl: A Rant

The shittiest cultural event of all time now has a definite date. On February 7, 2016, at approximately 5 p.m. PT, in Levi's Stadium in Santa Clara, California, the two shittiest things in American popular culture will coincide. Coldplay will perform at the Super Bowl halftime show. It will be a moment of supreme, almost inconceivable shittiness. Coldplay will have to dumb down, if that is even possible. Coldplay will have to make themselves sound more corporate, if there can be a sound more corporate than the one they already possess. Coldplay will have to be more banal, if, again, that is even possible. Coldplay will have to be, in a word, shittier, and the Super Bowl halftime show will then in turn have to become shittier to accommodate the immense, almost unprecedented new shittiness of a dumbed-down, corporatized, banal Coldplay. A Coldplay Super Bowl halftime show will be double shit. It will be shit made out of shit. That can be only one thing: It can be only shit. —S.M.

sation. It is the vision of a drone. You are the bodiless eye. A timeless eye, too. After a film that I was told lasted ten minutes, I was sure I had spent only two minutes dropped in. When I asked the woman who was next in line how long she thought she had been in the headset, she said two. So did the man who followed her. There seems to be some connection—totally unclear at the moment—between tricking your body and losing your sense of time. The self in VR is a gaze, timeless, incorporeal.

The most intriguing VR film I saw is called I Am You. It was made by Elli Raynai, a Toronto-based VR filmmaker who played me his movie through his phone. It begins from the outside, watching a young couple in a student-y apartment. They are discussing their plans to go for Chinese food; they are awkward. Then, in a poorly explained bit of science fiction, they put on headsets that allow them to be inside the head of the other person. I enter the viewpoint of the young man. In contrast to the openness of other VR movies, here my gaze is guided. The screen is black unless I move my head and eyes down, unless I follow the view of the young man I have inhabited. What this young man sees is the young woman, and he looks into her eyes, and he strokes her arm, and she strokes his arm. I found it unspeakably moving. It brought back the sensation of being a young student beside a beautiful woman, with nothing to do but touch each other and think about a cheap place to go for lunch. It was sexual, but it was the opposite of pornography. It provided the illusion of tenderness. It was not just memorable; it was as if I had remembered it, as if I now possessed a new memory.

When the Lumière brothers showed one

of their first films, L'Arrivée d'un train en gare de La Ciotat, in the 1890s, a train roaring at the audience reportedly caused people to jump out of the way. We no longer jump out of the way of trains in films. Perhaps this new response to VR will wear off. But VR does not feel like just another development along the spectrum of representation. It's more a finality, an end point. Richard Wagner, in his essay "The Artwork of the Future," dreamed of total art. Gesamtkunstwerk. Total art has arrived. But it is the loneliest art. The crowds at VR festivals are gathered together to be apart, watching people so lost in other people's dreams that they have forgotten there are other people. No human is more vulnerable than a dreamer in a headset, caged in fantasy. VR has a distinct current of melancholy in it: What if we got the total illusion we craved and it wasn't enough?

VR is the art form of a new relationship to technology, one in which screens surround and consume rather than present and offer. An iPhone is pure will to power, fluid technical mastery. But with an Apple Watch, you are mastered by technology. It buzzes your flesh rather than your flesh buzzing it. In the coming Internet of Things, you will not press buttons—buttons will press you. But it is unclear, as of now, whether people want to be pressed and buzzed. Virtual reality may well be the moment when our flesh rebels, finally, against the screens that rise up to swallow it.

The power of virtual reality's lucid dream is the power of an isolated god in a world of its own creation, a total art that demands only that its audience be alone and bodiless, or, in other words, inhuman. We can live inside an all-consuming fantasy; the price is that we are all-consumed. **2



Sensorama: Patented in 1962, this machine featured vibrations, odors, wind, audio. You could, say, motorcycle through Brooklyn, smelling pizza. Cyberbase SU 2000: Virtuality's early-'90s arena-like gaming console included a joystick for playing Dactyl Nightmare

and Shoot for Loot.



Virtual Boy: Nintendo's transportable console came in only two colors—red and black. Released in 1995.
 Discontinued in 1996.



The Esquire / NBC NEWS Survey

WE THE PEOPLE ARE PISSED. THE BODY POLITIC IS BURNING UP. AND THE ANGER THAT COURSES THROUGH OUR HEADLINES AND NEWSFEEDS—ABOUT INJUSTICE AND INEQUALITY, ABOUT MARGINALIZATION AND DISENFRANCHISEMENT, ABOUT WHAT **THEY** ARE DOING TO US—SHOWS NO SIGN OF ABATING. ESQUIRE TEAMED UP WITH NBC NEWS TO SURVEY 3,000 AMERICANS ABOUT WHO'S ANGRIEST, WHAT'S MAKING THEM ANGRY, AND WHO'S TO BLAME.

TYPOGRAPHY BY SEAN FREEMAN & EVE STEBEN PHOTOGRAPH BY JANE STOCKADE



LET'S BEGIN WITH THE BIG REVEALS: Half of all Americans are angrier today than they were a year ago. White Americans are the angriest of all. And black Americans are more optimistic about the future of the country and the existence of the American dream. There are depths and dimensions, dark corners and subtle contours to our national mood, and setting aside the issue of who actually has a right to be angry and about what—these pages are neutral territory; everyone is allowed their beef—we found three main factors shaping American rage:

EXPECTATIONS: Are you disappointed? Do you feel stifled and shortchanged and sold a bill of goods? Then you're probably pretty angry. Consider the white men and women in our survey: From their views on the state of the American dream (dead) and America's role in the world (not what it used to be) to how their life is working out for them (not quite what they'd had in mind), a plurality of whites tends to view life through a veil of disappointment. When we cross-tabulate these feelings with reports of daily anger (which are higher among whites than nonwhites), we see the anger of *perceived disenfranchisement*—a sense that the majority has become



WARNING

ON THE FOLLOWING PAGES WE ASK **QUESTIONS ABOUT** RACE, RELIGION, SEX, SEXUALITY, MONEY, AND A MULTITUDE OF OTHER POTENTIAL UNPLEASANTRIES. FOR ANYONE IN SEARCH OF A SAFE SPACE. **CHECK OUT THE DOG** STORY ON PAGE 90.

CONTINUED • a persecuted minority, the bitterness of a promise that didn't pan out—rather than actual hardship. (If anger were tied to hardship, we'd expect to see nonwhite Americans—who report having a harder time making ends meet than whites, per question three—reporting higher levels of anger. This is not the case.)

Indeed, despite having what many would consider a more legitimate case for feeling angry, black Americans are generally less angry than whites. Though they take great issue with the way they are treated by both society in general and the police in particular, blacks are also more likely than whites to believe that the American dream is still alive; that America is still the most powerful country in the world; that race relations have improved over the past eight years; and, most important in the context of expectations, that their financial situation is better than they thought it would be when they were younger. Their optimism in the face of adversity suggests that hope, whatever its other virtues, remains a potent antidote to anger.

EMPATHY: When we take a close look at our respondents by gender, women report a greater rise in anger than men over the past year. (See question two.) One possible explanation: Although they share many of the same frustrations with respect to dashed expectations, they are more likely than men to be angry about the treatment of others. (See question 14.) That perception of unfairness has a way of rubbing people the wrong way.

EXPERIENCE: Seventy percent of blacks express anger about the way they are treated by society. Forty-eight percent of women are angry about the way they are treated. Even 21 percent of white men say they are angry at how *they* are treated in this country. People get angry when they don't like how they and theirs are treated. People, we suppose, are funny like that.

Quick note about terminology: *Anger*—the intensity and frequency with which it is felt—can be a challenge to measure, but for these purposes we kept it simple: We measured and compared anger primarily according to the frequency with which respondents report hearing or reading something that makes them angry. Those who report feeling angry a few times a day are considered angrier than those who report feeling angry once a day, who are angrier than those who get angry once a week, and so forth. To the lucky souls who say they rarely hear or read something that makes them angry, *namaste*: We'd love to know your secret.

METHODOLOGY

The NBC News/SurveyMonkey/Esquire Online Poll

was conducted from November 20 to 24, 2015,

among a national sample of 3,257 adults

ages 18 and over, including a targeted sample

of adults with an education level of high school or less.

Data for this survey have been weighted for

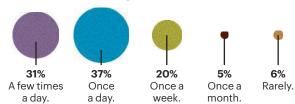
age, race, sex, education, region, evangelism, and

religious affiliation to reflect the demographic

composition of the United States. For more on

the methodology, visit esquire.com.

1. About how often do you hear or read something in the news that makes you angry?



- → Seventy-three percent of whites say they get angry at least once a day, as compared with 56 percent of blacks and 66 percent of Hispanics. Seventy-seven percent of Republicans get angry at least once a day, as compared with 67 percent of Democrats.
- → The least angry household-income brackets: the very rich (\$150,000-plus) and the very poor (\$15,000 and less). The most angry: the middle of the middle class (\$50,000 to \$74,999).



49% More often than Lused to

42% About



Less often.

→ FIFTY-THREE
PERCENT OF
WOMEN SAY
THEY'RE ANGRIER (AS COMPARED WITH
44 PERCENT
OF MEN). MORE
SPECIFICALLY:
58 PERCENT
OF WHITE
WOMEN AND
51 PERCENT

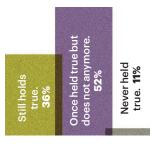
OF WHITE
WOMEN AND
51 PERCENT
OF WHITE MEN
SAY THEY'RE
ANGRIER
(AS COMPARED
WITH 44 PERCENT OF NONWHITE WOMEN
AND 32 PERCENT OF NON-

WHITE MEN).

3. Which best describes your family's financial situation? You feel as if you:

- ➤ Make enough to save and buy some extras. 35%
- ➤ Make just enough to pay bills and obligations. 46%
- > Don't make enough to pay all the bills. 18%
- → There's little correlation between anger and how one's faring financially. In fact, though whites report less difficulty making ends meet than blacks and Hispanics, they report greater instances of anger.

4. Do you think the American dream—if you work hard, you'll get ahead—is alive and well?



- → Blacks are more likely than whites and Hispanics to say the dream is alive (45 percent versus 35 and 34).
- → Men are more likely than women to say the dream is alive (40 percent versus 33).
- The group most down on the American dream: Americans between the ages of 45 and 64, i.e., the ones who are sweating about retirement.

5. Which of the following comes closest to your opinion of today's immigrants?

- > They strengthen our country because of their hard work and talents. 51%
- > They are a burden on our country because they take our jobs, housing, and health care. 46%
- → *Seventy-three percent of* Hispanics and 63 percent of blacks believe immigrants strengthen our country; only 43 percent of whites agree. Compared with those who hold pro-immigration views, those who hold anti-immigration views are significantly more likely to say the American dream is dead; significantly more likely to say the U.S. was once but is no longer the most powerful country; and twice as likely to say that white men are struggling to keep up in today's world.

6. What's your sense of America's place in the world?

- > The U.S. is the most powerful country in the world. 41%
- > The U.S. was once the most powerful country but isn't anymore. 54%
- > The U.S. was never the most powerful country. 4%

7.

How does your financial situation today compare with where you imagined you'd be financially when

you were younger?



22%
I'm better off
than I thought I
would be



23%
I'm about
where I thought
I would be



54%
I'm worse off
than I thought I
would be.

→ TELLING STATISTIC NO. 1: Whites are more likely than blacks to say their financial situation today isn't what they thought it would be when they were younger.

→ TELLING STATISTIC NO. 2: Whites are more likely than blacks to chalk up their current financial circumstances to things being "harder today" than "wrong choices."

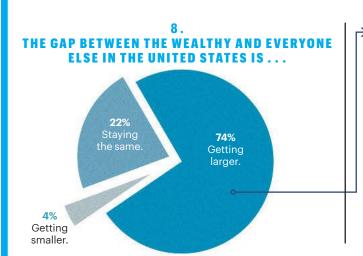
→ TELLING STATISTIC NO. 3: Whites are more likely than blacks to say they get

↓ Why do you think that is?

> I didn't have the same opportunities as other people. **7%**

angry more than once a day.

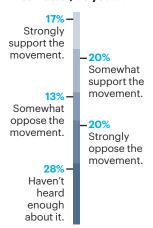
- > I made some wrong choices or didn't work as hard as I could have. 22%
- > It's harder today for people to succeed than it used to be. **36**%
- ➤ I had somewhat unrealistic expectations about my future when I was younger. 13%



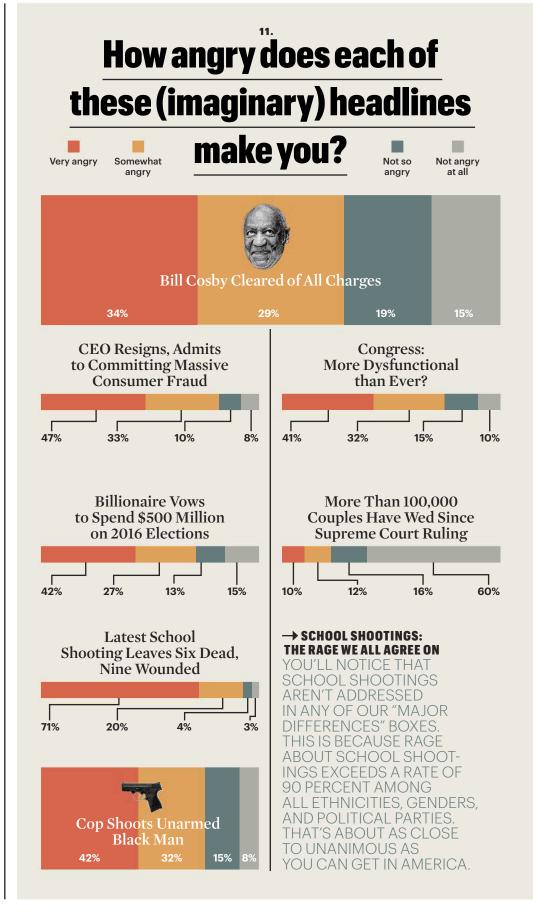
Who or what's to blame for the widening gap?

- > Changes in the U.S. tax code. 10%
- > Wall Street banks and financial companies. 18%
- > Capitalism in general. 17%
- > Technology and in-
- creased productivity. 2% > It's a natural part of the
- economic cycle. **3%**> Globalization and jobs going overseas. **17%**
- > Not enough educational opportunities. 3%
- → Of those who see the gap widening between the rich and the poor, a majority (56 percent) say the American dream no longer exists and that their financial situation is worse than they imagined it would be. Fifty-five percent say the U.S. is not as powerful as it once was.

9. From what you have heard or read about the movement called #Black-LivesMatter, do you...







Staved about the same.

39%

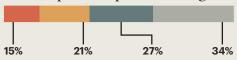
MAJOR DIFFERENCES BETWEEN POLITICAL PARTIES

What Republicans get angriest about: Congress being dysfunctional (80%); massive consumer fraud (80%); cops shooting an unarmed black man (65%).

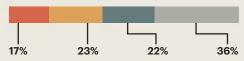
What Democrats get angriest about: Cops shooting an unarmed black man

(84%); massive consumer fraud (83%); billionaire vowing to spend \$500 million on 2016 elections (80%).

It's Official: Whites Become Minority in U. S. as Hispanic Population Surges



2016 on Track to Be Warmest Year on Record



→ MAJOR DIFFERENCES AMONG ETHNICITIES:

Hispanics are more likely than whites and blacks to be angry about climate change (49 percent versus 39 and 28).

Whites and Hispanics are more likely than blacks (67 and 64 percent versus 44) to be angry about the Cosby headline.

Blacks are more likely than whites and Hispanics to be mad about police violence against blacks (88 percent versus 71 and 76).

Whites are more likely than blacks and Hispanics to be mad about the Hispanic population surge (42 percent versus 25 and 22).

Caitlyn Jenner's Wedding of the Century!

\downarrow

MAJOR DIFFERENCES BETWEEN GENDERS

Things that men are angrier about than women:

Global warming (42 percent versus 36 percent); Caitlyn Jenner's wedding (45 versus 36); gay marriage (27 versus 18).

Things that women are angrier than men about:

Cops shooting an unarmed black man (77 percent versus 72 percent); billionaires buying elections (73 versus 66).

Things that they are equally angry about:

Consumer fraud (80 percent versus 79 percent); dysfunction of Congress (74 versus 73); Cosby (65 versus 62); Hispanic population surge (33 versus 30).

12. Do you think recent killings of African-American men by police are isolated incidents or part of a larger pattern in the police's treatment of African-Americans?

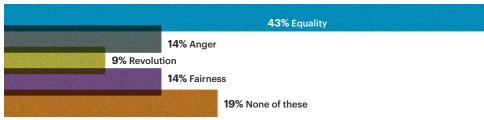


→ THREE OUT OF FIVE WHITE AMER-ICANS THINK THAT POLICE KILLINGS **ARE ISOLATED** INCIDENTS; THREE OUT OF FOUR **BLACK AMERICANS** BELIEVE THEY'RE PART OF A PATTERN. → THE WEIRD PART: WHITES ARE MUCH **MORE LIKELY** THAN BLACKS TO SAY THAT RACE **RELATIONS HAVE** BECOME WORSE SINCE BARACK **OBAMA WAS ELECT-ED. ONE POSSI-BLE EXPLANATION:** WHITES ARE DOWN ON RACE RELA-TIONS BECAUSE OF THE WAY THEY BELIEVE THEY ARE TREATED, NOT **BECAUSE OF THE** WAY BLACKS ARE TREATED.

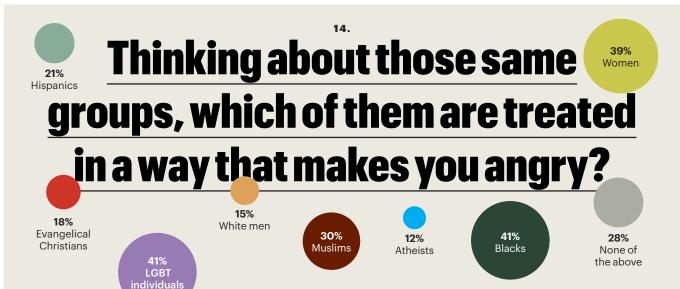
13. Which groups have a right to be angry about how they're treated?

- > Evangelical Christians 19%
- > Muslims 34%
- > Atheists 16%
- > Blacks 47%
- > Women 42%
- > Hispanics 37%
- 7 Trispanics 37 /6
- > White men 18%
- > LGBT individuals 45%
- > None of the above 26%

15. Which of the following words do you most closely associate with the term feminism?



Among women, 49 percent chose equality and 9 percent chose anger. Among men, 36 percent chose equality, while 19 percent chose anger. (There was little difference in answers between genders with respect to revolution and fairness.)



QUANTIFIED ANGER (QA)

To determine the intensity of the anger felt by certain groups about the way their fellow Americans are treated—a kind of quantified anger—we isolated our respondents by gender and ethnicity and averaged the rates of their reported feelings of anger about the treatment of others.

WOMEN	MEN	WHITES	BLACKS	HISPANICS
Women 48%	Blacks 38%	LGBT 38 %	Blacks 70%	Hispanics 55 %
LGBT 46%	LGBT 36%	Women 36%	LGBT 49%	Blacks 48%
Blacks 44%	Hispanics 30%	Blacks 34%	Women 45 %	LGBT 46%
Hispanics 33%	Women 30%	Muslims 27%	Hispanics 37%	Women 43 %
Muslims 31 %	Muslims 29%	Hispanics 24%	Muslims 36%	Muslims 35%
Evangelical Christians 17%	Evangelical Christians 18 %	Evangelical Christians 18 %	Evangelical Christians 17 %	Evangelical Christians 16 %
White men 13%	White men 17%	White men 18%	Atheists 8%	Atheists 12%
Atheists 11%	Atheists 13%	Atheists 12%	White men 6%	White men 7 %
None of the above 26 %	None of the above 30 %	None of the above 33 %	None of the above 12 %	None of the above 22 %
MEAN QA 30.375	MEAN QA 26.375	MEAN QA 25.875	MEAN QA 33.5	MEAN QA 32.75

WHAT IT MEANS: Whereas blacks and Hispanics get the angriest at how others are treated (as seen in their roughly equal mean QAs), and blacks are the least likely to say "none of the above" (meaning they are the most likely to care enough to care), whites report the lowest degree of anger about how others are treated (see the low anger quotient) and have the highest likelihood of saying "none of the above."

16. Which of the following best describes your opinion of white men in the United States?

- > They have historically run the country and still do. 38%
- > They are less powerful than they used to be but still have a lot of control. 46%
- > They are struggling to keep up, while other groups are moving ahead. 14%

THE EMPATHY GAP

When we asked respondents to tell us which groups they felt had a right to be angry (question 13) and which groups they themselves felt angry about (question 14), we noticed a gap between the two percentages—an empathy gap.

In the general population, the greatest empathy gap occurred when we asked people how they felt about the treatment of blacks and Hispanics—there's a 6-percentage-point gap between the people who believe that blacks and Hispanics are being wronged and those who are actually angry about it. (When you ask about the treatment of women, the gap is 3 percentage points; when you ask about Muslims, it's 4.)

Among ethnicities, Hispanics report the lowest average empathy gap: 2.625 percentage points between recognizing a group's right to be angry and feeling anger on that group's behalf. (Compare this with 3.875 percentage points among whites and 4.875 percentage points among blacks.) The largest gap exists with respect to how blacks feel about the treatment of Hispanics (47 percent of blacks believe Hispanics have a right to be angry, while 37 percent of blacks are actually angry about that treatment).

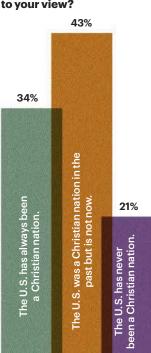
17. Last year, a county clerk in Kentucky, Kim Davis, refused to grant marriage licenses to same-sex couples on the basis of her religious

- > Support her decision. 24%
- > Oppose her decision. 61%
- > Not sure. 13%

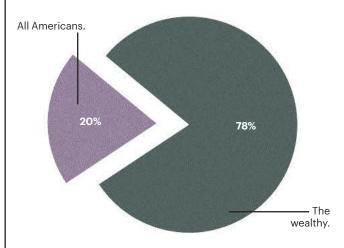
beliefs. Do you...

→ A MAJORITY OF DAVIS SUPPORTERS BELIEVES THE U.S. IS NO LONGER THE CHRISTIAN NATION IT ONCE WAS. THEY ALSO BELIEVE THAT THE GOVERNMENT INTERFERING WITH PEOPLE'S ABILITY TO PRACTICE RELI-GION IS OF GREAT-**ER CONCERN THAN RELIGIOUS GROUPS** FORCING THEIR BE-LIEFS ON OTHERS.

18. Which of the following statements comes closest to your view?



19. Do you think elected officials generally enact policies that favor the interests of ...



20. IF YOU WERE GOING TO ATTEND A PROTEST, WHAT WOULD YOUR SIGN SAY?

#BlackLivesMatter 14%

#BlackLivesMatter Is a Hate Group. 6%

Make English America's Official Language. 24%

We Don't Build Walls. We Tear Them Down. 17%

Keep Your Hands off My Uterus. 12%

Abortion Is Murder. 13%

Don't Tell Me How to Dress. Tell Them Not to Rape. 18%

We Came Unarmed. This Time. 6%

The NRA Kills Our Kids. 10%

We Are the 99 Percent. Occupy Wall Street. 10%

Taxed Enough Already. 36%

- → Top three signs for Republicans: Taxed Enough Already; Make English America's Official Language; Abortion Is Murder.
- → Top three signs for Democrats: We Don't Build Walls. We Tear Them Down; Taxed Enough Already; Don't Tell Me How to Dress. Tell Them Not to Rape.



THE LOST OPPORTUNITY OF

THE IMMIGRANT'S SON

BY CHARLES P. PIERCE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NIGEL PARRY

particularly in the kind of money-sodden, exhausted democracy that is presently practiced in the United States of America, all opportunities are in some sense lost opportunities. The Cynic still believes that progress—even glorious revolutionary progress—remains possible, given the proper historical context leading to the proper historical moment. The Cynic is in no way a nihilist. The Cynic still believes in the power of potential, that the right mixture of common humanity, present in the right person, delivered honestly and with power, can create the proper historical context that leads to the proper historical moment. The Cynic is not a pessimist. The Cynic believes he is, as he said he was back in 2008, merely adequate to his times.

What the Cynic believes is that every opportunity contains the essence of its own demise, like a recessive gene from which springs a serious illness. If progress remains possible, as the Cynic still believes it is, risk is required. Not to take the risk is to lose the opportunity entirely, and the proper politician for the moment should never lose the opportunity entirely. This is what the Cynic believes because, contrary to outward appearances, the Cynic still believes.

So, on a night at the end of August in 2012, at a Republican National Convention that was preparing to nominate Willard Romney as its candidate for president of the United States, and a Republican National Convention that was doing a fairly decent job of pretending it actually liked the candidate it was preparing to nominate, a young, newly elected U. S. senator named Marco Rubio took to the stage to deliver the address that formally would nominate Romney for president.

The son of Cuban immigrants, Rubio had come improbably far improbably fast. Only four years earlier, he'd been the Speaker of the Florida House of Representatives. He'd won his seat in the Senate in the 2010 midterms, riding the Tea Party dynamic to an upset win over Republican governor Charlie Crist, who had made the capital mistake of being pictured within five hundred yards of Barack Obama without a hazmat suit. Now, on this night in Tampa, Rubio was not simply being used as a show pony. He was being asked to embody outright a new, younger, more ethnically diverse Republican party.

Up until then, the Cynic had been appalled by the whole affair. It was a staggering avalanche of privileged, grievance-based bullshit. There was one entire day called "We Built It," playing off a mendacious misreading of something that President Obama had said. One after another, "small-business owners" came to the microphone and talked about how they and only they had built their success, with amnesia for the government small-business loans that had come in quite handy and the stable legal and commercial environment that we all pony up for. Why, several of the witnesses to rugged individualism had gotten their first big step up the economic ladder courtesy of a big-government program called the United States Army. (The evening culminated with a woman named Mary Fallin, the governor of Oklahoma, singing a love song to the land rush that created her state, herself forgetting to give a nod to the awesome contribution of the infantry in clearing out all the original Oklahomans so that the pioneers could steal the land without resistance.)

That night marked the entire convention as a lunatic burlesque put on to entertain and terrify elderly Caucasian shut-ins all across the nation. It was a gathering to celebrate the nomination of someone that nobody really liked to an office that most of them didn't really understand. The political muck was at knee level and rising. The political stasis hung on the hall like a leaden shawl. The convention—and the party gathered there—needed to be thrown into a blender and shaken up. Marco Rubio came out on the stage.

His speech was well crafted, if not spectacular. It contained the requisite encomia to the nominee, which many people in the hall pretended to share. (A couple nights earlier, Chris Christie had delivered a keynote address almost entirely dedicated to the wonderfulness of Chris Christie. The Romney people had gone up a wall.) But much of the speech, the heart of it, was Rubio's story and the story of the Rubio family, and it seemed as though he might call the Republicans back from their addiction to fear and xenophobia and from the related ailments that would slowly kill the party demographically.

"My mother was one of seven girls whose parents went to bed hungry so their children wouldn't," Rubio said. "My father lost his mother when he was nine. He left school and went to work for the next seventy years. They emigrated to America with little more than the hope of a better life. My dad was a bartender. My mom was a cashier, a maid, and a stock clerk at Kmart. They never made it big. They were never rich. And yet they were successful. Because just a few decades removed from hopelessness, they made possible for us all the things that had been impossible for them. Many nights I heard my father's keys jingling at the door as he came home after another sixteen-hour day. Many mornings I woke up just as my mother got home from the overnight shift at Kmart. When you're young, the meaning of moments like these escapes you. But now, as my own children get older, I understand it better. My dad used to tell us: 'En este país, ustedes van a poder lograr todas las cosas que nosotros no pudimos'—'In this country, you will be able to accomplish all the things we never could.' A few years ago, during a speech, I noticed a bartender behind a portable bar at the back of the ballroom. I remembered my father, who had worked for many years as a banquet bartender. He was grateful for the work he had, but that's not the life he wanted for us. He stood behind a bar in the back of the room all those years so one day I could stand behind a podium in the front of a room."

That one passage contained more humanity—and, frankly, more Spanish—than the rest of the 2012 Republican National Convention put together. A week later, the Cynic was in Charlotte, North Carolina, and Julián Castro, the grandson of Mexican immigrants and the mayor of San Antonio, gave the keynote address at the Democratic National Convention, saying, "In the end, the American dream is not a sprint or even a marathon but a relay. Our families don't always cross the finish line in the span of one generation. But each generation passes on to the next the fruits of their labor.... My mother fought hard for civil rights so that instead of a mop, I could hold this microphone."

The Cynic was startled at the similarity between the two anecdotes—the Rubio family's journey from the bar in the back to the stage at the front and the Castro family's journey from the mop to the microphone. The Cynic saw opportunity there. If the future of American democracy in the middle of massive demographic change was to have Marco Rubio and Julián Castro arguing over tax policy or the size of the Navy, then the opportunity for a better politics, and a more open and affirming political commonwealth, was right there in the middle of the table between them. All opportunities are lost

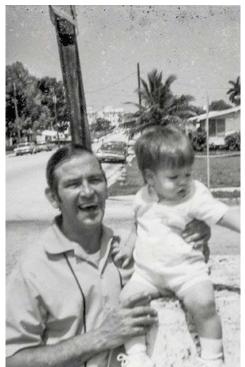
opportunities, however, and Marco Rubio already is a lost opportunity. The Cynic believes that because, ultimately, the Cynic believes.

T WAS THE FIRST WEEKEND in Iowa that it had snowed. Marco Rubio had come to Des Moines to participate in a panel sponsored by the Family Leader, an influential group of evangelical pastors and their flocks organized by one Bob Vander Plaats, without whose support-or, at least, without whose tacit approval-any Republican presidential candidate running in the Iowa caucuses might as well be Rosa Luxemburg. Seven of them gathered around a mock Thanksgiving table, and they were fed questions by Frank Luntz, the famous conservative language doctor, one of which was "Where was God on 9/11?" There were hair-raising answers from the candidates about the recent terrorist attacks in Paris, with most of them walking right up to the edge of declaring that President Barack Obama was in sympathy with—or, at best, was blind to the threat

of—murderous terrorists from the Middle East. Rubio did not go as far into the wild kingdom as, say, Ted Cruz, but he did say, "The president refuses to acknowledge for what this is. This is a civilizational struggle between those of us who believe in freedom and liberty, and radical jihadists that do not." This is what passed for a moderate position at the table that night.

Up until then, the Republican primary campaign had been the functional political equivalent of the Mad Hatter's tea party. Donald Trump, a purveyor of lies and rhetorical vandalism, had seized a stubborn lead in the polls and maintained it throughout the summer and fall. Ben Carson, a radically conservative neurosurgeon, clung to second place even though he seemed not to know very much about how the office he was seeking worked. Once-promising candidates fell away like withered leaves. Scott Walker of Wisconsin went, and then Bobby Jindal of Louisiana. Chris Christie couldn't get out from under his problems in New Jersey. Carly Fiorina had a brief moment in early autumn. And Jeb Bush, with a solid-gold political heritage and more money than God's hedge fund, had proven to be more of a bungler as a candidate than his elder brother had been as a president, which was hard to believe. In fact, it was Rubio himself who had gutted his former Florida







FROM TOP: With Bush, in better days—
campaigning with Romney in the last
week of the 2012 campaign. With his
mother and sister Veronica, graduation
day, 1996—he from the University of Miami
School of Law and she from Florida International University. Within a decade, he
would be Speaker of the Florida House.
Rubio and his father, outside the first home
his parents ever bought, in Miami, 1972.

political mentor most seriously in the third debate of the season.

Bush had delivered a prepared attack on Rubio's dismal attendance record as a rookie senator. (Rubio has made no secret of the fact that he hates the job he has now and, indeed, has no plans to run for reelection if this presidential thing doesn't work out.) "I mean, literally, the Senate. What is it, like a French workweek?" jibed Bush, with all the spontaneity of the Rose Bowl parade.

"I don't remember you ever complaining about John McCain's vote record," Rubio replied, curdled pity dripping from his lips. "The only reason why you're doing it now is because we're running for the same position and someone has convinced you that attacking me is going to help you."

With Ted Cruz positioning himself on the far-right flank and conniving shrewdly to pick up the angry Trump voters if Trump himself stumbled, Rubio was left as what passed for an "establishment" candidate who could keep the barbarians from taking the entire party down into the abyss with them. At forty-four, Rubio showed the potential to be a consensus candidate in a campaign of disruption. By the beginning of December, after he came to Iowa, Rubio was moving in the polls, finally, the way people thought he might. He had received the endorsement of Republican sugar dad-

dy Peter Singer, and he also seemed to have the inside track into the vaults of Sheldon Adelson, the dingy international casino magnate who'd spent an estimated \$150 million trying to beat Obama in 2012, and who almost single-handedly had kept Newt Gingrich's vanity campaign aloft for nearly the entire cycle.

He had managed to withstand the first real attack on his character—a charge that he had been financially profligate, especially as regards a credit card issued to him by the Republican party of Florida. He had successfully managed the pivot when the whole campaign turned on a dime after the terrorist attacks in France, refashioning himself as a hawkish interventionist. The stars were aligning for Marco Rubio, and he really hadn't had to do very much to make it happen.

"I think there's a general sense that everything's broken: government, institutions that have served us for a long time are broken—and at a time when our nation is going through this rapid economic transition from the old economy into the new economy, which has been very disruptive, and they turn to their leaders and their leaders seem either out of touch or outdated in terms of how to respond to the challenges that are happening in our society," Rubio told Esquire a few days after the gathering in Des Moines. "And so it's a combination of the disruption created by this economic transformation that's occurring, combined with a political process that hasn't solved major problems in almost two decades, combined with just a lack of trust in virtually every major institution that, you know, for the better part of a century or half a century has been a critical component of our society. And so, in different ways-I mean, that's the best way I can distill it-there's just this real anxiousness about what comes next.

"And it's not just anger at politics. Obviously, politics plays a prominent role in media coverage, and so, you know, people obviously focus on that. But I think

it's general. And it's not only anger; it's a sense of insecurity. A lot of people feel out of place in their own country. They feel like outsiders in their own communities. And this is not an ethnic thing or a racial thing or a religious thing—it's more along the lines of, for example, they hold traditional values and now they feel like if they hold traditional values, people feel like they're bigots or haters, so that's part of it. Part of it is they have been working for a long time at a certain job and it used to pay enough to be able to provide for their families, and now they're struggling to make it paycheck to paycheck. Part of it is they have a small business and now that business is struggling to stay open. Part of it is young Americans who were told their whole lives if you get a college degree, that's like a guarantee of some level of prosperity, and now they owe a bunch of money."



MARCO RUBIO

COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA,
NOVEMBER 23, 2015

WITH MARK WARREN

Esquire: You've never been to Cuba, right? Rubio: Nhm-mmm. Well, I've been to Guantánamo.

Esquire: Right. But would you like to go to Cuba?

Rubio: I would. But not until Cuba at least is either free or is making steps toward democracy.

Esquire: Polls show that the grandchildren of exiles are not as rigid in their approach to the relationship between our countries. But you're leading the opposition to normalization. Explain that.

Rubio: Theoretically speaking, sure, I'd love to see the U.S. and Cuba have a better relationship. But it has to be premised on democratic progress in Cuba. I'm not saying it's a perfect example, but if you look at what's happened in Burma over the last four years is the U.S. opened up toward Burma. It was not a unilateral opening. It involved Burma

taking certain steps as well, which has led to the election of the minority party to the majority status in that country. I would love to see progress like that happen in Cuba. Not overnight, but over a period of years. And in fact nothing like that happened as a result of this opening. I would have wanted to see something more like that involved in Cuba. As I've said, I'm not a person that's saying we should change nothing. But I would want to see it be reciprocal, as opposed to this one-sided opening that gave away our leverage to influence future changes.

Esquire: But isn't the best way to influence future changes by engagement? Doesn't continuing the embargo hurt mostly common people?

Rubio: No, because the embargo on Cuba really isn't a real embargo. The Cuban economy has access to every other economy in the world: Canada, Mexico, all of Europe.... Average Cubans aren't hurt by the embargo—they're hurt by their government's own policies.

Esquire: The rationale for your candidacy is significantly generational, but didn't Barack Obama say something similar? How is this different?

Rubio: Well, our principles are very different. I mean, Barack Obama's a believer in more government, larger government, more-intrusive government. He has much greater faith in the ability of government to influence economic growth than I do. We just come from a very different part of the political spectrum. And so I think a generational argument's existed in virtually every campaign that's ever been run in the United States for the presidency. I think why it's more profound now is because I'm not making a biological generational argument. I'm making a policy generational argument; that the policies of the twentieth century just don't work anymore. You know, our 1930s-era retirement system doesn't work in 2015 as well. Our antipoverty programs designed in the '60s never quite worked well at all, but they really don't work in 2015. The way we regulate emerging industries cannot be the same way we requlated the telegraph or even the telephone or even the television. So my argument is that our policies are just outdated. They just don't reflect the reality of a new economy. We are trying to regulate a twenty-firstcentury economy using twentieth-century concepts, and it doesn't work.

Esquire: What makes you ready for this job? Why do you want it? Why you?

This had been Rubio's pitch all along, ever since that speech in Tampa—that he was the young, fresh face of a more diverse conservatism, and that he was the future that the nation's changing demographics were forcing on the Republican party. It was the theme of his memoir, *An American Son*, which he published in 2012, two years after his surprise election to the Senate. Back then, in the aftermath of Mitt Romney's defeat, which was caused in no small part by Romney's tone deafness to minority concerns and his tone deafness to the concerns of anyone whose garage did not contain an elevator, the party embarked on a well-publicized journey of self-discovery, trying to find a way out from under the demographic avalanche that everyone saw coming down the mountain toward it. (Romney managed a paltry 27 percent of the Latino vote, the low-

Rubio: First of all, a couple points I would make: One is I think this job at this moment requires a real sense of urgency about both our challenges and our opportunities. I believe America has an opportunity to usher in the greatest era in our history. I think this new economy is tailor-made for everything America's about. If you think about it, there are millions of people around the world, some of whom were starving twenty years ago, who now are part of a consumer class. They buy cars, they work every day, they wear American fashion, they want to travel here as tourists. So there's an enormous opportunity for free enterprise. We have more people than ever to trade with and sell to and partner up with. So I think the twenty-first century's an economy driven almost entirely by innovation. We're the most innovative people in the world. We're the most productive workers on the planet. So I just think the opportunities are so incredible, and we're letting them pass us by because of a stagnant political class that either is made up of people that don't understand the world has changed or quite frankly have lost the sense of urgency. So I think that, more than anyone in the field. I have a clear sense of what this moment means in the historical arc of the country in terms of what we could do to fully capitalize on the opportunities of the twenty-first century.

And the other is on the issue of national security. I just don't believe anyone else in my party, or quite frankly in either party, running for president has a better understanding or has shown better judgment on the national-security issues confronting our country, which is the most important responsibility a president has.

Esquire: As the son of immigrants, has the tone of the immigration discussion in this campaign been at all painful for you? Rubio: Yeah, but on both sides. In essence, sure, I don't like when I hear people talk in a way that maybe implies that they just don't want to see anyone coming into this country in the future, 'cause I don't think that's a majority position in the Republican party. In fact, I know it isn't. But I get equally offended at this idea that if somehow you want to see this country have immigration laws, you're a xenophobe. Every country in the world has immigration laws. And to argue that if you want us to have a process by which we get to pick who comes in, when they come in, and how they come in, that makes you anti-immigrant, is absurd. America remains the most generous country in the world when it comes to immigration. We're acting like we're a nation that doesn't accept any immigrants—we accept a million a year legally.

Esquire: Who's acting like that?
Rubio: Well, in the conversations you hear from some on the left and in the immigrant-advocacy groups. Their other fundamental argument is this insistence on a right to be in this country illegally—there is no such right to be in this country illegally. If you want this country to make an accommodation for someone who's been here for a long time and has not otherwise violated our laws, you have to appeal to our com-

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ESQ: DO YOU WORRY
THAT THE PASSIONS
THAT TRUMP
HAS AROUSED
MIGHT BE HARD
TO CONTROL?
RUBIO: NO...I DON'T
THINK THAT'S WHO



OUR COUNTRY IS.

passion, you have to appeal to our national interest. But you can't insist on the fulfillment of a right. There's no right to be in the country illegally. Now, you're not going to round up and deport 12 million people. Our country wouldn't support that anyway. And it's not a realistic proposal. But it has to be done in a way that doesn't encourage another 12 million people to come in the future. And it also has to be done in a way that's fair to the people that are trying to do it legally or have done it legally in the past. **Esquire:** New numbers came out last week in a Pew study showing that there's been, at least from Mexico, a net negative in illegal immigration for some time now.

Rubio: I made that point in the first debate—that the number of people coming from Mexico is no longer the significant issue. The significant issue is the number of people coming through Mexico, and that includes people fleeing violence and instability in Guatemala and El Salvador, and includes Cubans, who are now arriving in Mexico, or recently in ... where did they go to? Costa Rica—looking to cross through the peninsula and through Central America and into the United States. There are a lot of people coming to the United States through Mexico. But a growing number of them are not from Mexico.

Esquire: So has Trump been exaggerating the problem because he's a demagogue? **Rubio:** Well, which problem?

Esquire: Illegal immigration.

Rubio: No, it's a real issue. There is a real issue with people crossing that border, for a lot of different reasons. There are human beings coming to the United States in the hopes of a better life, and then there are people crossing the border because they're drug runners or because...I mean, it's true. Both of those aspects are true. But at the end of the day, as a sovereign country, we have a right to enforce our laws. We continue to have significant areas of the border that are not secure, and those are the areas we should focus our attention on. And if you did, you would discourage these journeys from taking place. The fact that people know they can get through is only luring more people to try it.

Esquire: Do you worry that the passions that Trump has aroused might be hard to control?

Rubio: No, I think at the end of the day, in a pluralistic society such as ours, with a republic, with political participation, these things will eventually work themselves out. I don't think that's who our country is. There's certainly great anxiety in our country, and frustration. I think what I'm endeavoring to do in this campaign is to channel that frustration into action that actually changes things in a positive direction. I understand why people are angry. I understand why people are angry at government. But the issue is not just about being angry. It's what do we do with that anger? Do we turn it into concrete action? Do we use it as a motivator? Do we allow it to motivate us, to actually change things? And that's what I'm trying to do through our campaign is acknowledge people's frustrations but also use those frustrations as a motivation to actually lead to positive outcomes, to actually serve as a catalyst for concrete political action that begins to turn some of these things around.

est of any Republican presidential candidate in the past four elections.) A month after Obama took the oath of office again, *Time* put Rubio on its cover. THE REPUBLICAN SAVIOR, the cover line read. The party had learned its lesson. It had pushed the advantages of xenophobia and racial division as far as they could be pushed. A new Republican day was dawning.

And then...stuff happened.

In 2014, a midterm election returned Republican majorities that soon congealed into the most radical the Congress had seen since the debates over slavery. The Tea Party dynamic that had propelled Marco Rubio into office in 2010 had grown wilder and more intense over the intervening years, and what once had been a well-cultivated displeasure with government in general—and with the

black man who persisted in acting like the country had elected him to be its president—became focused on one issue: "illegal" immigration, and all the old spells and conjuring words regained their magic. The journey of self-discovery ran aground. The new day had been a brief one, and that was the context in which Marco Rubio announced that he would run for president.

What happened was that he continued to offer himself as a young leader for a new century—"A New Generation Offers a Leader" is the way John Kennedy's posters had sounded a similar theme back in 1946—while at the same time pledging his fealty to all the conservative shibboleths that had piled up since the election of Ronald Reagan in 1980.

One day after the event in Des Moines, Rubio held a town hall

in Cedar Rapids. He ran through his stump speech, leaning hard into the foreign-policy and national-defense sections, arguing for a massive increase in defense spending and the revival of the controversial National Security Agency programs that were curtailed in the wake of the revelations by Edward Snowden. It sounded very much like the ghost stories of the past—Kennedy's fictitious "missile gap" in 1960, Reagan's preposterous inflation of the Soviet threat in 1980, the smoking gun of a mushroom cloud in 2002. Rubio endowed a dangerous rump faction of barbarians overseas with nothing less than the power to bring down Western civilization.

"We face the rapid spread of radical jihadists, and we find ourselves today in a clash of civilizations," Rubio warned, "between these radical animals who believe that anyone who does not share their interpretation of their faith, that they have a God-given ob-

ligation to slaughter them. It's a fight between them and the rest of the civilized world, and that includes Muslims themselves, who don't want to live under that sort of caliphate, that most certainly includes those of us in the West, who refuse to live under such conditions. And they don't hate us because we have troops in Irag. They don't hate us because we're friends of Israel alone. They hate us because of our freedoms. This is why they hate us. They hate us because in America, women drive cars. They hate us because in America, little girls are sent to school. That's why they hate us. And they think that anyone who does not agree with their interpretation of their faith, they have a right to kill and slaughter, and they aspire to do it every single day. In the face of all of these risks that I've outlined to you, we grow weaker."

Having delivered the apocalypse in small, easily digested chunks, Rubio took questions.

A man named David Crnolatas rose and asked Rubio how his proposals to repeal and replace the Affordable Care Act would affect Crnolatas and his family. His father, Matthew, was a career musician, a bassist who'd worked gigs in Los Angeles, in Colorado, and in Nashville. "He'll tell you that bass players get all the women," his son joked.

The elder Crnolatas lived out of state and had been recently diagnosed with multiple sclerosis. His son and his son's family were bearing the burden of Matthew's medical expenses, including home health-care aides. David Crnolatas wanted to know whether Rubio had an answer for him and for the millions of families like his who were struggling with the cost, economic and psychological, of chronic illness.

"How old is your father?" David answered sixty-three. "So he's Medicare-eligible, or will be," Rubio said. "That's important because the first thing is much of this treatment and care should be covered by Medicare, which is why we want Medicare to survive and be vibrant. The key is that when your father turns sixty-five and he's eligible for Medicare, we want there to be a Medicare that actually survives. That's why I'm a supporter of the program. My mother's on Medicare. My mother suffered a stroke a few years ago. She requires extensive care. That's why I want Medicare to continue to survive and be vibrant for the rest of her life, but also to exist for us when we retire.

"The second issue, which I imagine is one you're facing, is the cost of pharmaceuticals, and the cost of drugs in America today is significant. And there's a lot of different reasons for it. Some of it is the research that goes into these drugs. It costs billions of dollars to devel-

op these drugs, and these companies only do it if they can make their money back with a profit. If not, they stop doing it. Part of it is there's not enough competition.... There are generics out there that exist with patents expired, but companies aren't bringing them to market because it takes fifty-six months for the FDA process. We should be able to streamline that process.... And that includes the ability to look at drugs that have been used abroad in other countries, and to be able to waive the human-trial requirement. Because if it's been used for ten years in Europe, that should count as a human trial."

Somehow, Crnolatas's simple question about how his family would care for his father had been answered by a paean to free markets and deregulation. It was an answer nearly entirely devoid of humanity—even the part about Medicare, into which Rubio had dragooned his mother. In May 2014, at a speech at the Nation-

al Press Club, Rubio had proposed "transitioning" Medicare by giving seniors a "choice" of what are called "premium-support" options or staying in the Medicare program. This is the exact proposal first championed by Congressman Paul Ryan, and it would effectively end Medicare as an entitlement program. But it is now being touted as a "twenty-first-century" solution to the problem simply because Marco Rubio is proposing it, and Marco Rubio himself is the twenty-first-century solution.

"It was a long answer," Crnolatas said after the event had ended. "I wish he would have kind of touched a little bit more on the financial burden that our family's having. I mean, we can't really wait two years [for him to go on Medicare]. He's too young to go into a home, so he needs somebody around the house."

The Cynic walked out to where his car was parked, slipping a bit on the first ice

and snow of a long Iowa winter. The Cynic sat in his car and he ran David Crnolatas's question through his mind again, and then Marco Rubio's answer as well. The question was a serious one; the answer merely seriously tailored. The question had life and blood and sorrow in it; the answer had cold calculation and slickety-smooth salesmanship. He was good, the Cynic thought. Marco Rubio was good. He was good enough to become president of the United States. But Jesus, the Cynic said to himself, he could have become so much more. The Cynic believes that because, ultimately, the Cynic believes.

N HIS BOOK, Marco Rubio relates the genuinely moving episode of his father's final days in the hospital. Dying of cancer and emphysema, growing hypoxic because he could not breathe, and in terrible, waking pain, Mario Rubio was hallucinating as he was slipping away.

"There was only one way to relieve his suffering and

make him comfortable," his son writes. "He would have to be placed on a morphine drip. The nurse advised me that once he was started on the drip, he would slip into a comalike state, from which he would probably never awaken. I worried that it was too soon. We had seen him deteriorate before, only to improve the next day. I worried that if I ordered the morphine that night, my mother and sisters would never have another chance to tell him they loved him, and say good-bye.

"I stood in the doorway of his room and watched him. He was twisting and turning in his bed, calling to his brothers, Papo and



THAT THERE ONCE WAS AN OPPORTUNITY THERE WITH MARCO RUBIO, BUT THE RISK BECAME TOO

BECAME TOO
GREAT, AND NOW HE
COULD BECOME
PRESIDENT, WHEN HE
COULD HAVE BECOME
SO MUCH MORE.



Emilio, 'Ayúdame! Ayúdame!' Help me! Help me! I turned to his nurse and told her, 'Do it.'"

He is the son of immigrants. Mario and Oriales Rubio came from Cuba just ahead of the revolution there that brought Fidel Castro to power. (Their son got into a scrape early on when a reporter from The Washington Post noticed that Marco Rubio long seemed to have implied that his parents were political, rather than economic, refugees. In the volatile politics of Florida's Cuban-American community, the distinction mattered a great deal.) Besides working as a banquet-hall bartender, his father launched a series of unsuccessful small businesses, including a grocery. His mother was a hotel maid. For all his personal financial problems, some of which involved his student-loan debt, Marco Rubio really was an immigrant story for a new generation of immigrants, just as Barack Obama had been. His father, the bartender, was the equivalent of Jack Kennedy's grandfather, Patrick, the saloonkeeper on the Boston docks. In 2013, after the demographic catastrophe that was the Romney campaign, he was exactly what the Republicans claimed to be looking for as they sought to rebrand themselves. It was in that spirit that Marco Rubio put his name to an effort to achieve comprehensive immigration reform.

It was a huge step for him. Given the nature of his party's base and its historical reliance on coded racial division as a political tactic, Rubio was taking a bigger political chance than Obama during the latter's brief time in the Senate. It was genuinely brave, and it marked him as someone perfectly willing to shatter the old orthodoxies and turn the dynamic of the 2012 election on its head for good. He joined with Democratic senator Richard Durbin of Illi-

nois and several other, senior senators as part of what became known as the Gang of Eight, a group dedicated to developing an immigration program that would combine a path to citizenship for the millions of undocumented workers in America with stringent new border-security measures.

It was not an easy position for Rubio to take, but for a time, anyway, it defined him as a different kind of conservative Republican. Glenn Beck called him a "piece of garbage," but Rubio made a personal appearance on Rush Limbaugh's radio show to pitch the plan, and even got the host to compliment him on his good faith and tenacity. Rubio gave a moving speech on the floor of the Senate in which he talked about how the promise of America had reached his parents in Cuba. The bill passed the Senate, but it died in the House of Representatives.

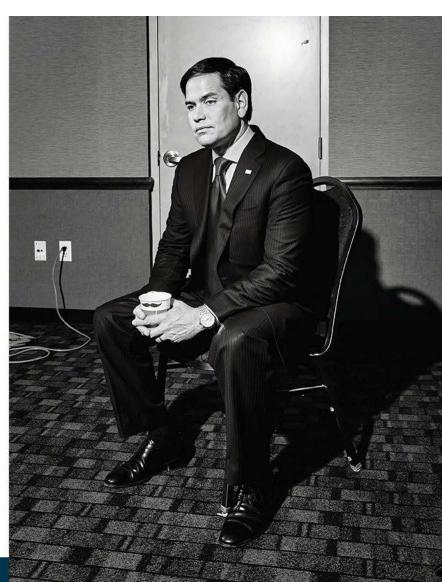
Almost immediately, the noisiest part of the Republican base showed its fangs. As the bill passed the Senate, his approval rating among Republicans dropped 11 points in a Washington Post and ABC News poll. Rubio abandoned the project, and he did so conspicuously, with the White House already in his eyes. When the 2014 midterms rolled in a Republican congressional majority elected in large part out of a grassroots opposition to immigration reform of any kind, Rubio's turtling on the issue became complete. By the summer of 2015, his radio silence on the subject had become so striking that *The Boston* Globe actually counted the number of times Rubio had said the word immigration or immigrant in the Senate. The totals were 135 times in 2013 and twice in 2014 and 2015.

Rubio spent most of the rest of 2013—and he has spent most of the following two years—trying to re-

gain his Tea Party credentials at the expense of the politician everybody thought he could be. He blamed the administration for the inevitable failure of the bill, saying that President Obama's reluctance to be blackjacked during the 2013 government shutdown was a reason that the House would refuse to act on the Senate's immigration bill. In July, he was virtually howling at the moon-telling one conservative audience that the Congress should refuse to raise the nation's debt ceiling until they agreed to defund the Affordable Care Act. What Mitt Romney had done with his betrayal of health-care reform, his signature issue as governor of Massachusetts, Rubio now was doing with just about every issue on the board. But, just as his commitment to comprehensive immigration reform had once defined him as the new face of a reformed party, his abandonment of the issue defined him as a creature of what his party had become without him. He was just another politician now. Somehow, Marco Rubio had become terrified of his own potential. The rebranding had failed. Everything that once made him special, except possibly his youth, had become a liability.

To this day, he talks ragtime about what was supposed to be his signature issue, but doesn't go so far as Trump's mass deportation. "Well, I just don't think that's a realistic plan, and I don't think that the majority of Americans would support it," he told Esquire. "I think it's more a reflection of a frustration at the fact that, you know, we're being told that not only do we have to accept our illegal-immigration problems, but we should somehow be happy about it. Illegal immigration is not good for America.

"Now, embedded within illegal immigration are some heart-breaking, individual real-life stories of real [continued on page 109]



"WHEN I STARTED SHOOTING THESE

Campaigns,

I REALIZED THAT

THE

EVENTS

≈ARE LIKE

WORST PARTY EVER.

THE GUEST OF HONOR

IS ALWAYS LATE,

the food's cold,
THERE'S W≡IRD MUSIC,



WANTS TO TALK ABOUT Religion And



ONE PHOTOGRAPHER,
TWELVE CANDIDATES FOR PRESIDENT,
AND FIVE MONTHS ON THE CAMPAIGN TRAIL
IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Photographs by

M. SCOTT BRAUER









That temple of democracy, that maker of presidents. Iowa, that fraud—anyone can bus old people to a school gymnasium to "caucus." Flash 'em a nice box of crullers, they'll follow you anywhere. President Santorum won Iowa. President Huckabee, too. But we are not a herd,

we don't caucus (what even is that?), and it is in New Hampshire where we as a people at last stride alone into a somewhat private space and *vote*. Where we give the imaginary presidents a spoonful of reality, where we dash a lot of dreams and send them back to cable television where they belong. ¶ But those dreams must have been based on something. At least at the beginning. Every one of these people woke up one morning, did some complex calculations on a napkin, and said, "Yup, there's my path to victory! I'm president!" So everyone has a rationale, everyone has at least some fuzzy math to set them on the great adventure of asking strangers in bait shops and strip malls for the most power in the world. Or more like it, everyone does a lot of magical thinking. As Democratic strategist Paul Begala says, "Their mommas shoulda just told 'em no, but they didn't have the heart." ¶ Which leads to a question: Just what kind of nutjob thinks of him- or herself as president? These kinds, that's who. They are brave, these nutjobs, admirable, these nutjobs, for subjecting themselves to us, the people. And they all had their reasons, too, some of them better than others, as they descended on this beautiful state of small towns where, on February 9, the populi will vox. It is here that they stooped to conquer. But most of them just stooped.

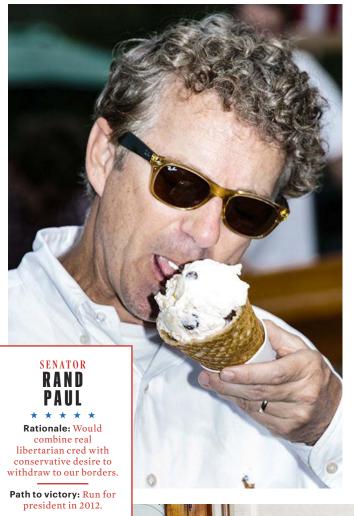




nominee: Fantastic.









Clockwise from above: Paul takes a break at Moose Scoops Ice Cream in Warren, July. Fiorina greets a cute child greets a cute child with a fake sign as she prepares to officially file, Concord, November. Cruz (well, his boots, anyway) at the Draft Sports Bar and Grill, Concord, August. Graham takes out his frustrations at the frustrations at the Sig Sauer Academy in Epping, October. Santorum at a house party in Bedford, November. There were eleven people at the gathering, including the host's family.

Better than Fiorina's













SENATOR LINDSEY GRAHAM

Rationale: Do you people know what a thread we're hanging by? I will kill the jihadists myself if I have to. I said, I will kill the...

Path to victory: Win critical home-state primary in South Carolina.

Odds of being nominee: Polling seventh in South Carolina. If he's lucky, they'll let him stay in the Senate.















Ayad Akhtar

SCREENWRITER, NOVELIST, AND PLAYWRIGHT, WINNER OF THE 2013 PULITZER
PRIZE FOR HIS PLAY DISGRACED, 45, NEW YORK CITY

- **The productive processing** of rage is the central question of our time.
- > It's only going to get worse. There's a rising tide of... Rushdie said an interesting thing. He said that "people seem to be finding meaning in their outrage." And there is something at the heart of identity politics today that seems to regard anger as the expression of authenticity. It's easy to say that that's misguided, but it's also a function of the increasing choke hold of global power on the individual. So everybody's upset. And everybody's expressing their rage in different ways, and some are playing for keeps. We're playing for keeps. And the folks who did what they did in Paris are playing for keeps.
- > I grew up feeling that I was not American as much as I was Pakistani. When I started going back to Pakistan in my adolescent years, I realized, Wait, no, I'm from here. They're from there and I'm from here.
- ➤ In my early adulthood, I spent three years living in Europe, and it brought home to me not only how American I am but also how much I love America. It's my home. There are certain aspects of American life spiritually that will always be a part of who I am.
- > As deeply critical as I am of the Muslim community, I'm critical of my American community as well, you know? I think that we are a collection of sublime knuckleheads.
- ➤ **How do you** *not* connect to Tammy Wynette?
- > My mother arrived here when she was twenty-four. She's a doctor. My parents both came here on visas that gave them plane tickets and jobs and apartments and papers to work. The sorrowful, tragic dimension of the American experience in country music really spoke to her. And polka music, too. I grew up in Wisconsin, what do you want?
- > I say I live in New York. But I'm particularly dislocated in the sense that my folks are from Pakistan, and I grew up in Milwaukee and aspired as a young man to be European, and then I moved to New York. I don't think of myself as settled.
- > I'm not gonna sit here and tell you that Muslims are the problem. But I'm also not gonna sit here and tell you that they're not the problem. We're all in this together, and we're all the problem. It's not just them and it's not just us. But nobody wants to hear that.
- ▶ It's easier to just say, I feel scared. And if we go and bomb the living daylights out of ISIS, I'll be in a better world and I won't have that fear anymore. It's very animal. We are social herding animals, fundamentally, and our political life is evidence of that.
- **They're not us.** We're gonna keep them out. You can't actually do anything with that. You can't build anything that way. When you're only saying, Not that, not that, not that... No always gets you something, but it never gets you anything good.
- > I've been driven by a passion to become the strongest storyteller that I can be. It's a passion that infected me at the age of fifteen with a magnitude of love that I have difficulty describing: seeing the world more expansively, seeing the world more humanly, more trenchantly, and distilling that vision into compelling narrative.
- > I had a high school teacher change my life. She was the first person I met who was fully, fully committed to living an authentic life in every moment. Ms. Doerfler.
- > She comes into class and she's like, "What's the meaning of the story you read last night?" And I was like, "Meaning of a story? How could a story have meaning?" Everyone's quiet, and then she begins to speak. She says the train is life; every now and then one of us wakes up to the question of what it is and where it's going. We seek the answers from those around us. Those we would ask often have no idea there is a question. Those who have some sense of a question have no answer. The one who would seek to know the truth will find him or herself confronted with the fact that life is taking us into a great unknown and that the soul's innate reaction to that knowledge is terror.
- > The Islamic world is dealing with generations of rhetoric that are coming home to roost. We as Americans are dealing with generations of rhetoric that are coming home to roost. These are parallel movements, happening in tandem. They're not isolated from one another. And so to understand in a larger sense requires a more expansive perspective. But nobody wants that.
- > Having Disgraced be the most produced play in the country during this extraordinary time is both delightful and a little terrifying. It's a very complicated play. And it's a deeply troubling play. The trouble it releases into the audience is its essence. That's what it's supposed to do. But there are cultural moments when releasing that kind of trouble is not necessarily the most productive thing. The play forces audiences to sit in contradiction, and when you're afraid, that's hard to do.
- > How does what all end? What the fuck kind of question is that? How do our present difficulties end? They don't.
- > A close inspection of any of the great religious texts reveals the enduring persistence of bloodshed at a certain level of existence. It is part of the picture. The issue, ultimately, isn't about eradicating it but understanding what it can do for us and how it can move us into a different place. The natural world is awash in bloodshed. Great intergalactic clouds of dust and black holes destroy galaxies on a daily basis. We are inhabited by polarities that are eternal and universal, and that's part of the struggle of being human.
- > You can never know who you are by just saying, I am not what you say about me. You can only know who you are by asking, Who am I?
- ▶ I don't know how it all ends, but it feels like there's great joy in the struggle to me. 18

Cecile Richards

PRESIDENT OF PLANNED PARENTHOOD, 58, NEW YORK CITY

- > The same woman who is picketing your clinic one day finds out that she needs Planned Parenthood the very next day.
- > We have moved into an era in the media in which no one waits for anything to be verified.
- > I'll let the congressmen speak for themselves. If I really thought they cared about women's health, I'd care more about what they say.
- > There are members of Congress who think that women are just not in their place anymore. Things were going pretty well for them the past several hundred years—it all started when we chose to be able to decide when and whether to have children.
- > Even people who have mixed feelings about abortion hate it when women are harassed going into a health clinic. Or doctors.
- > All it takes is one person who is unhinged.
- > Yes, the shootings were just three days ago. I hope that anyone who uses that kind of heated rhetoric is looking hard in the mirror this morning and thinking about the implications of their words and actions. But what I've seen over the past few months, even prior to this tragedy, has been an unbelievable outpouring, particularly from young men and women, who probably were just going about their day and either saw the five-hour hearing on Capitol Hill or read some of the really crazed rhetoric of some of the candidates for president and realized, "Okay, this is something I actually now have to take a position on and be involved in." I can't get on the subway now without a young man stopping me and saying, "I stand with Planned Parenthood."
- **To have someone lie** about you repeatedly on national television, it can benefit them in the short term. But the short term doesn't last very long.
- > It's been very tough for Republicans I know who support Planned Parenthood but who now consistently vote against us because they don't want to be targeted by the far right of their party. They have told me this.
- > The videos were more of what I'd call a long con. For years, we've had people pretending to be patients and undercover video-taping our staff, but this was a three-year effort—setting up a fake company, attending medical conferences, infiltrating the medical establishment. They weren't interested in actually uncovering wrongdoing; they were interested in creating wrongdoing.
- > This is nothing new. Ninety-nine years ago, when Margaret Sanger and her sister opened the first health center—it wasn't a health center, really, they just provided pamphlets on how to prevent unintended pregnancy—ten days later, an undercover cop posing as a mother busted them and sent Margaret to jail, where, of course, she taught all her fellow inmates about birth control.
- > My mom [former Texas governor Ann Richards] figured out midway through her life that this was *it*. You had one chance to make a difference. The answer is always yes, whatever it is. She's a woman who lived through many mistakes, she would say, if she were here today. But she just kept moving and was never one to look back. And boy, that has been enormously important to me.
- > **Growing up,** we just thought "son of a bitch" was, like, an adjective you used for most people.
- > My dad was out on the front lines defending conscientious objectors to the Vietnam War. He was fighting for the rights of farmworkers, doing things that were completely unpopular. Standing on the side of things you believe in, particularly when they're unpopular, is incredibly empowering.
- > I became an activist in college, and I thought when we left college, we were all supposed to just keep doing what we were doing. And then I found that all my classmates, for the most part, were going to law school, or going to business school, or becoming shrinks like their parents, and I was like, "Wait! I thought we were supposed to be making social change!"
- > I became a labor organizer on the border, organizing garment workers. I went to Guatemala, learned Spanish, moved back to Texas, and tried to get into the labor movement, which was hard for someone who didn't come up through the ranks. The women I organized are the same women who count on Planned Parenthood.
- > I remember living in Los Angeles, working with Central Americans who had come across the border to clean office buildings in downtown Los Angeles. Justice for Janitors. We began to organize and I said, "Look, you know, you could lose your job." And they said, "I could have lost everything just crossing the border to come up here, so I'm ready for whatever."
- > People have such extraordinary courage. It's the people who have the very least who have the most courage and the most generosity toward others.
- > The women who come to Planned Parenthood are not coming to make a political statement. They come because they need affordable health care, or maybe they found a lump in their breast and have nowhere else to go, or they badly need birth control and can't afford it.
- ▶ I went to Westlake High. I was called to the principal's office for wearing a black arm band. Principal Tom Hestand, wherever he may be, called me to the principal's office, wanting to know why I was wearing a black arm band, and I explained to him about the Moratorium and the Vietnam War. And he called my mom. *His* lucky day was that she wasn't at home when he called.
- > We grew up listening to Odetta, Leadbelly, Ramblin' Jack Elliott, Wayne Oakes, Willie Nelson. We camped all over Central Texas; we hung out around the campfire and sang music. My dad would think nothing of... we just put the canoe on top of the car and off we went. I mean, that was where Texas liberals hung out. Molly Ivins was always there, and that was really our growing up.
- > It was a pretty wonderful childhood. 19





THE LAST OPTIMIST AT THE APOCALYPSE

The modern, extremist right was pretty much invented in opposition to HILLARY CLINTON (and her husband). And now it's up to her (alone) to stop it.

BY TOM JUNOD





The day Hillary Clinton launched her campaign for president of the United States, June 13, 2015.

PARTI

OKAY, MAYBE you're not so excited that Hillary Clinton is running for president. After all, she's been around for a long time, there's always some kind of controversy swirling around her, she's no spring chicken, she's married to Bill, she wears those jackets, she's got that midwestern accent, plus she's so serious and wonky all the time. What's left to be said? You've already made up your mind about her. She might not be as crazy as those guys on the other side—but that doesn't mean that you have to be happy about the prospect of another President Clinton.

But what if the story isn't about what you know but rather about what you don't? Politicians always say that "there's never been more at stake in an election"—when it happens to be the election in which they're running.

But what if, this time out, that's true? What if this is, like, it, the main event, the conclusion of a long-running series, the climax of a nearly metaphysical battle that started before most people had ever heard of her? Think of a story you read once upon a time in which someone is selected for a fate more profound than anybody suspects-think Harry Potter but with Hermione, the grind, the perpetual A student, as the one scarred by the Dark Lord's lightning. Sure, Hillary Clinton is an unlikely prospect for such a heroine. She's so familiar. What she says might change but she's always the same. But you've read the books. If a person seems to be an unlikely fulcrum for forces much larger than herself, that only means...she is.

PARTI

SHE STANDS in a classroom, writing on a whiteboard. She is alone—alone as she ever is—and unhurried. There are some people in the room, but they give her space, and her back is to them. She does not turn around. She continues in her condensed handwriting. To her right hangs an American flag and, taped to the board, the text of the Pledge of Allegiance; to her left is the message left to her by the teacher who normally presides over this room. It says, in black marker, "Go Hillary! You are an inspiration to women and young girls across the globe." Then, in red, "Thank you and Happy Holidays to you and your family."

Her own answer is partially hidden by her body—standing close to the board, she looks like a painter who doesn't want anyone to spy her handiwork. She's wearing a high-collared jacket that's the blazing pink of a children's antibiotic, black slacks, and black boots, surprisingly pointy and high at the heel. She is not tall, but she has a strong physical presence, and her expensive blond coif identifies her instantly, even with her back turned. She stops writing for a second and inspects what she's left behind before stepping back and allowing people to see.

"Leeann—Thank you for teaching! And, Happy Holidays to you and your students! Hillary Rodham Clinton."

It is the perfect HRC (as her aides call her) moment. The care that she took to find out the teacher's name and employ it; the effort she expended on her handwriting, which has the spindly flourish of calligraphy; the time and fierce concentration she applied to a message at once graceful and perfectly commonplace, to a teacher yet, in a school—she is, indeed, nothing if not diligent. And when she is finished, she does what she does with everyone she meets, greeting me by name in that bracingly enthusiastic voice of hers, then shows me to a low table set for our interview, with two bottles of water already poured to the halfway point of two identical glasses.

"How are you doing tonight?" I ask.

"Excellent! Excellent!" she says, though no exclamation points can quite capture the exclamatory nature of her reply—the carry of her voice in the nearly empty classroom or the sudden and almost startled alacrity of her wide-open blue eyes. "We had a good event..."

I have been following her campaign for more than a month by now. I have seen many good events. I have seen events in Iowa and New Hampshire, in Boston and New York, in Nashville and Charleston. I have heard her deliver variations of the same speech over and over, introduce the same plans, tell the same jokes, play the same songs—I have seen her, in other words, prove herself adept at the politician's task of making the novel seem familiar and the familiar seem novel. She never gets tired, just tiring, for she applies her indefatigability to the daily exercise of what her aides call "staying in her lane" and "executing." She doesn't try to appear extraordinary, only formidably accomplished, and on most days she succeeds at doing just that.

At the same time, we have all seen history itself run a very different campaign—brutal, intemperate, improvisatory, and utterly over-the-top. There has been Trump, of course. There has been terror. And on some days they seem to have joined forces for the purpose of mocking the pretensions of a politician like Hillary Clinton—or any politician who tries to make believe that history is driven by anything more than madness and blood. Every day brings what feels like a new outrage or a new horror or a new loosening of the bonds of either civility or civilization; every day history has asked Hillary Clinton to respond.

Tonight she did. Tonight, at the gymnasium of Woodbury Middle School in Salem, New Hampshire, she opened a town-hall meeting with these words: "I want to begin by saying something about the recent events in California." It has been a week since two Muslims—one of them American-born and American-raised—went on a spree of slaughter in San Bernardino. It has been one day since Donald Trump proposed refusing all Muslims entry to the United States. HRC's response was very much in keeping with who she is as a politician—she assured her audience that she's been "laying out a plan to defeat homegrown radical jihadists" and that Trump and his fellow Republicans have "been playing into ISIS's hands" with their rhetoric.

She sets great store by the power of laying out plans. She holds firmly to the belief that America abandons its values at great peril, not only morally but strategically. But we know that already. What I want to know, now that the event is over and I'm sitting with her in the classroom in Salem, is whether *she* knows the stakes of her run—the role she's been chosen to play, her…fate. Since I don't want to sound crazy, I simply ask her why she wants to be president now, at this time in history, in this season of extremism and attack.

And this is how she answers, in part:

"I think we're at a real turning point, and I don't want to see the America that I love—that gave me and my parents and my immigrant grandfather and everybody that I know a real chance to live up to their potential—in any way diminished.... I don't think we have any choice but to wage and win this election."

She knows!

WHAT DO MEN THINK OF HILLARY CLINTON NOW?

We asked 73 men, chosen at random from across the country, that very simple question

SUMMERFIELD, 59, INDEPENDENT OIL PRODUCER, WHITEFISH, MON-TANA: I like her brightness, her energy, her vitality. And I like her guts. But I think she's a rank opportunist.

JASON, 39, FILM PRODUCER, LOS ANGELES: I guess I like her. She's a capable politician.

TOM, 66, RETIRED, PITTSBURGH: I don't think she can be trusted. I'm a retired Army Peserve officer

Idon't think she can be trusted.
I'm a retired Army Reserve officer.
I could still be called to active
duty tomorrow. But if this woman
became commander in chief and
I was asked to salute her, I would
resign my commission.

CAMERON, 21, MARKETING DIRECTOR, DES MOINES: She just hasn't stopped. That's amazing.

BRAD, 51, AUTHOR, BOWLING GREEN, KENTUCKY: My first impression of her, back in the day, was that there was a

toughness about her but that she was also kind of vulnerable. I don't think that anymore. Her skin is so thick that no matter what they say to her, she still does the job.

DENNIS, 63, TEACHER, STILLWATER, OKLAHOMA: Not to be at all sexist, but it is what it is: I do not trust that she, as a woman, would be able to do what a man could with the same capabilities.

AJ, 31, MUSICIAN, BOSTON: She's been flying around in private jets since she was the First Lady. She gets paid, like, \$250,000 per speaking engagement—that doesn't sound like us. How can she really know what we need from her as president?



OF COURSE, she sounded paranoid back when she first said it participants in apocalyptic battles always sound paranoid when they first say they're participants in apocalyptic battles. They sound especially paranoid when they answer a question in apocalyptic terms when the question was really about, well, blowjobs. This was a long time ago. This was back in 1998. Bill Clinton was the president of the United States of America. Hillary Clinton was the First Lady. He'd offended people by being a resourceful rascal. She'd offended people by saying something about cookies. They'd both offended people by trying and failing to bring about universal health care and by trying (and sort of failing) to allow gays to serve openly in the military. They'd been under investigation for years for something they'd supposedly done in Arkansas when, really, everyone knew the investigation was about sex-and secrets. He'd been accused of rape in the nascent right-wing press; she'd been accused of murder; and now they were finally caught. He had a secret, indeed-he'd had sex with a young woman in the White House and he'd testified, under oath, that he hadn't. He had sinned all right; he had sinned against her, his wife, so that now even she couldn't defend him. But she did. And she defended him by inveighing against them—against the "vast right-wing conspiracy."

She sounded a little crazy. She sounded guilty of, at the very least, bad faith. Except that what she was saying turned out to be true—there really was an obscurely wealthy man, Richard Mellon Scaife, bankrolling the attacks against her and her husband; there really was a right-wing media spawned by structural changes overtaking the news business, and it had found, in the Clintons, the template for every story that was to follow. Her only error was a matter of language. She used the word *vast* to describe what she faced. It wasn't vast, yet—

It is now. Nearly thirty years later, Richard Mellon Scaife has evolved into the Koch brothers, the then-fledgling right-wing media now claims the biggest and most powerful cable-news network among its ranks, and the money unleashed by the *Citizens United* decision has conjured a ring of super PACs organized specifically against her candidacy. The vast right-wing conspiracy is still here, and yet—and here's the thing—so is she. The vast right-wing conspiracy has outlasted everybody but her. From the start, the attacks on her have had a tendency to resolve themselves in the most mundane terms—the Whitewater investigation turned out to be about a husband lying about infidelity; the Benghazi investigation turned out to be about, of all things, Sidney Blumenthal. But that doesn't

mean that both sides haven't known the stakes all along. She's always chosen to fight on metaphysical ground; she's always defended herself cosmically because she's been attacked cosmically, and so she's lived to fight another day. But now that day is here. She helped create the modern right wing; the modern right wing helped create her; and now there is no place for them to go except at each other. The 2016 election is nothing less than the climactic event of the last three decades of American politics, and—it's an amazing and scary thing to be able to write these words without irony—the future of the Free World lies in the balance.

PART IV

SHE LIKES TO LAUGH. She's famous for it—the forced bark of her parodists. But in fact her laugh is the most spontaneous thing about her. It's the most appealing thing about her, because it shows her willingness to be entertained. She's not particularly funny, but she likes funny people. You can hear her laughing when she disappears into crowds; you can see her laughing when she's being introduced before her speeches. Her laugh overtakes her. It startles her, and sometimes she bends slightly at the waist to accommodate its force. It's restorative; it brings light into her eyes and her high, round cheekbones into sharp relief. She has a radiance sometimes, almost gravid, and it's usually when she's been laughing.

It's not like that in the classroom. It's not that she doesn't laugh in private or that her laughter is meant only for public display. She laughs easily and often. But when she laughs onstage, she looks like what she is—the most famous woman in the world, laughing. In the classroom, alone, she looks both tougher and more vulnerable than you might expect. She is sixty-eight years old, and she is all that stands between Ted Cruz and the White House, Marco Rubio and the White House, Donald Trump and the White House. It's not as if she's unaware of what happens if she happens to lose. It's not as if she's unaffected by the extremism on display on what seems a daily basis.

"It certainly enhances the sense of responsibility I feel to try to make my case as effectively as possible. It's also troubling to me. It's so contrary to what I think politics should be about, and the kind of people who should run for the most important job in the world. So I try not to be distracted by it or be knocked off course by it. But I do feel extra pressure when I hear some of what they say.... It's deeply offensive to me that they are setting out an agenda that's both unmoored from reality and really, at its core, mean-spirited

CARL, 62, CONSULTANT,

KALAMAZOO, MICHIGAN: I think she has bigger balls than Trump. I would put my money on her in a street fight with Trump.

MIKE, 44, WILDLIFE-REMOVAL SPECIALIST, TAMPA: I think a woman president would be a strong figure, and I think a woman would be a more empathetic president. I just think she would be a terrible president. It has nothing to do with her being a woman. It has everything to do with who she is. Truthfully, I think she's a snake in the grass.

GREGORY, 19, STUDENT, SAN LUIS OBISPO, CALIFORNIA: I really like her sassy wit and the facial expressions she makes in the debates. She seems like kind of an open book and very bold.

WILL, 27, RESTAURANT MANAGER, ALEXANDER CITY, ALABAMA: I'm kind of indifferent at this point.

MARTIN, 58, NONPROFIT DIRECTOR, MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA: She's acceptable. She seemed fairly interesting and competent as First

acceptable. She seemed fairly interesting and competent as First Lady. I remember the "I'm not going to sit around baking cookies." I thought, "Oh, good for you."

AUSTIN, 24, LANDSCAPER,
OKLAHOMA CITY: I've known who she is my whole life, of course—everybody does, you know? She seems like a real nice lady. But I don't like her. She's not even in the White House yet and she's all kinds of covered up with scandal.

TAWM, 37, ARBORIST, FRIDAY HARBOR, WASHINGTON: I like her, but I think a career of being a politician just lends itself to a smarmy, less-than-likable bent to her personality. I think that's just her being a victim of the political system and how she always has to be covering her ass and thinking about the next election.

TIM, 65, BUSINESS OWNER, CODY, WYOMING: I don't like or dislike Hillary Clinton. She seems to be a pathological liar. She would sell our country down the pike if it would help the Clinton Foundation.

JUSTIN, 38, MINISTER, NASHVILLE: I respect her, if nothing else, because she is not one who will let folks beat her down.

ERIC, 46, OPERATIONS MANAGER, BURLINGTON, VERMONT: I would love to see a female president. Unfortunately, I think she is the epitome of

what is wrong with American politics. Her opinions seem to be completely driven by polls.

DEREK, 49, ACTOR, MEDFORD, OREGON: She just doesn't come across credible. There seems to be more to her agenda that she hasn't quite explained.

CHRISTOPHER, 25, SALES ASSOCIATE, LONG BRANCH, NEW JERSEY: I think she's a war criminal and a warmonger.

CHARLES, 68, TECHNICIAN, BELLA VISTA, ARKANSAS: I have a lot of respect for Hillary Clinton. As she has grown older and more sophisticated, I think she has become a person I consider to be quite reasonable, quite intelligent, and I might even say enlightened in regards to her views on

about the American people and the struggles so many are facing."

Does that mean that she considers herself a firewall between an extremist candidate and the White House?

"I think to some extent that's a fair description. But I have to win. I have to win to be a firewall against that extreme partisanship and that real rejection of compromise."

A few minutes later, she's talking about a suggestion that's been made about Trump—that his very extremism will force a reckoning with currents that have lain submerged in the body politic for a long time. She rejects it. "I think that what he's saying about people is really shameless.... We live in a world of instantaneous communication. When he says something, he's not just talking to whoever those people are who come to his rallies. He's talking to the whole world, and what he's saying plays right into the hands of a group like ISIS....It's fact-free but it's not cost-free. That's another reason we have to win. We have to make it very clear to the rest of the world that the United States is still the best opportunity-creator and freedom-defender that the world has ever seen."

That makes three. That is the third time, in a short interview, that Hillary Clinton says that she has to win.

Now, this will not surprise anyone who believes that what has always distinguished her is the overweening quality of her ambition—her willingness to say anything, do anything, countenance anything, and above all endure anything in her quest for power. And yes, an argument can be made that the determination and resolve she has exhibited since announcing her candidacy originates in the simple fact that this is her last chance. But that's just it: She is not just the first person targeted by the right wing; she is, right now, the last person with the chance to stop it. It is one thing to want to win as a matter of ambition. It is another to feel that you have to win as a matter of responsibility. She is the only candidate with a chance of winning the presidency-from either party-who speaks of preserving what we have rather than tearing it down and starting over. She is the only one who rejects the language of radicalism in her speeches. She is, indeed, the only instinctive moderate-left-leaning though she may be. The candidate who has a chance to become the first woman president turns out to be the last optimist at the apocalypse.



IT WASN'T SUPPOSED TO BE HER. It was supposed to be him. It was supposed to be Barack Obama—he was supposed to

defeat the partisan forces in which she was ensnared by transcending them altogether. She is not a transcendent figure. She does not pretend to be. She does not even want to be. When she ran against him for the Democratic nomination in 2008, her supporters believed that he was naive; his, that she was cynical. Her supporters turned out to be right. "Obama came to Washington saying there's no red America, there's no blue America," says one of Hillary Clinton's close friends. "That was just wrong. There's a battle going on over who the country works for. It's going to be a pitched battle, because people don't give up power easily. They're not going to roll over. You have to win the argument, and Hillary knows that."

She has always known that, and now she has a chance to prove it. The election of 2008 was supposed to be epochal; it was not. The election of 2012 was supposed to be decisive; it was not. The president who was supposed to heal us only showed us the depth of our wounds; the country that congratulated itself for electing a black man to its highest office now stands riven by its most ancient and primal resentments and hatreds; the right wing that seemed outflanked by history in 2008 and demographics in 2012 has doubled down on unrepentant extremism. And the only person who can stop its ascendancy—who can, in the words of a close advisor, "break its back"—turns out to be the person the right wing was designed to destroy.

They know it, too: the Republican candidates. Even before Donald Trump unsettled the race and unhinged the rhetoric, they measured how far they could go by how far they could go in their hostility toward Hillary Clinton. In one debate after another, they tried to prove their toughness to Republican voters by saying tough things about a woman they knew Republican voters feared and despised. Chris Christie accused her of supporting "the systemic murder of children" and vowed to "prosecute" her should he be given the opportunity to debate her. Carly Fiorina called herself "Hillary Clinton's worst nightmare." Marco Rubio, nearly trembling with his own sense of righteousness, flatly called her "a liar." And Trump bragged that his contributions to the Clinton Foundation empowered him to compel her attendance at his wedding, the implication being that he and he alone was strong enough to make Hillary kneel. She was their historical enemy, and so she was the foundation for what their campaigns would become. A presidential race in which all candidates understood that there was nothing too extreme they could say about Hillary Clinton evolved into a race in which they realized that there was nothing too extreme they could say about anything or anybody at all.

And then came Paris and San Bernardino.

subjects that are the big hot-button issues: gays, abortion, immigration, things like that. I think she's the only reasonable person who's a candidate for president.

GIL, 84, RETIRED, SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA: I find her untrustworthy. She's a conniver.

RUSSELL, 57, FARMER, SUMTER, SOUTH CAROLINA: There's just something about her personality—it's a little abrasive and a little arrogant. You know, after so many years of Hillary, it's like, "Oh, go away."

DAVID, 41, RETAIL ASSOCIATE, PUTNEY, VERMONT: She is a strong woman and a status-quo politician, and she would probably do an okay job. But I still feel like we as a country deserve better.

CHRISTOPHER, 20, STUDENT,

BOZEMAN, MONTANA: First time I started to hear about Hillary was back in 2008—I was young and I was a Republican, so obviously my first impressions weren't great. I have since warmed to her slightly. She is very, very savvy on how to play the game and get what she wants.

GREG, 30, SELF-EMPLOYED, MORGANTOWN, WEST VIRGINIA: I dislike her adamantly. Everything

I dislike her adamantly, Everything I've come to know about her from the media, from watching her as she's held various posts, as a senator for the state of New York, as the secretary of state—everything about her is shrouded in controversy.

CHARLES, 62, COMBAT INSTRUCTOR, "EAST TEXAS": You know about Benghazi? This was done deliberate,

she damn well knew they were going to die, she didn't give a crap. She knew this was going to happen, she could have stopped it, she did nothing to stop it. So we lost Americans because she's a self-serving bitch. Is that pretty clear?

DAVID, 23, MEDICAL STUDENT, MINNEAPOLIS: When she stood up in front of the committee for like twelve hours, she did a phenomenal job, and I really respected her for doing that.

ART, 83, RETIRED, DENVER: I like her. I admire her. She's smart. She's hardworking. And she was a good public servant as secretary of state.

MASON, 25, PHOTOGRAPHER, YAKIMA, WASHINGTON: She's an incredible woman with an incredible pedigree. I really, truly do think the country has been going in a good direction, and I think Hillary could continue that.

MARK, 66, POTTER, FLAGSTAFF,

ARIZONA: My first impression was when Bill was running for president. Isaw her and she seemed like a kind of good-looking First Lady. I think a fresh viewpoint from a female wouldn't hurt us at all. It'd probably be good for us.

KEVIN, 33, EDITOR, NEW YORK: She hasn't always been there for people of color in terms of Black Lives Matter and the prison industrial complex. If she becomes commander in chief, a lot of eyes will be focused on her for those two very big subjects that have gone

underlooked for the last eighty, ninety-

five years in politics.



SHE IS NOT A PERFECT CANDIDATE. She never has been. Her friends and supporters say that, as well as her opponents. She doesn't have the oratorical powers of Barack Obama or her husband; she can't change her fortunes with a single speech. But she's a student, and she's not averse to studying herself. "She is well aware of her strengths and weaknesses," says one of her closest friends and advisors, "and so she knows how to get better. She's not the same person she was five years ago. Being able to read an audience, and then in real time to emphasize the part of the speech that people are getting: That's something she's gotten better and better at. She's better than most pundits give her credit for."

This is true. Anyone who says that she's a lousy politician hasn't watched crowds respond to her or, more important, hasn't seen her respond to crowds. "She loves it," says a former aide. What's more, you can see that she loves it, and if that's not the basis of political talent, it's at least the basis of something more important if you're a Clinton-forgiveness. Moreover, she has a power that none of the other candidates except possibly Trump possess, and that's celebrity. Is celebrity a power that might help a candidate actually obtain power? We don't know yet. But when you see its pull at a Hillary Clinton campaign event, you see what it does do when it's blended with technology—it keeps people interested. It keeps them from getting bored, which is a good thing for a candidate who mentions three or four policy proposals a speech. Strangely, celebrity even humanizes her, because it mediates the distance between her and her audience. When she works the line-the border between her apparatus of security and staff and her supporterswhat people do, if they get close enough, is hand her their phone so she can take a selfie with them, and what they do if they don't get close enough is hold their phone aloft so they can take a photo of her from a better angle. You can see it from behind: a picket of extended arms and a mosaic of Hillary Clinton pieced together on a hundred swaying tiny black screens.

"The Tyranny of the Selfie," she says to me in the classroom. "But you're good at it."

"Well, that's what people ask for. If I'm going to try to get to everybody, I have to be good at it. It used to be—and I was talking to President Obama about this the other day—it used to be that you would do an event like this [in Salem] and then you would shake hands with people and they would talk to you. They would say, 'I liked what you said about this' or 'You didn't mention that' or 'Can I tell you this?' And it was a constant learning and absorbing experience.

Now it's just 'Can I take a selfie? Can I take a picture?' People just want to capture that moment, and I just try to be accommodating."

Her best moments on the stump, however, involve something much more personal than technology or celebrity. No, it's not the part of her speech where she talks about her immigrant grandfather working in the lace factory in Scranton. It's not even the part of her speech where she talks about her granddaughter and expresses hope that everybody's grandchild will have the same kind of opportunity her own grandchild has. She's no better than most politicians are at that kind of thing, and maybe a little worse, because she's so clearly trying to relate to people—if you're a normal person, you never want to seem like you're trying to act like a normal person. She is most authentic when she's drawing from an experience that no one in her audience has ever had, because it's her experience and hers alone. This is what they ask her at the town halls: "If you're elected president, are you going to be tough enough to handle the Republicans in Congress?" And this is how she answers, before being overtaken by applause: "Well, I just spent eleven hours..."

Of course, it's a reference to the Benghazi hearings. But it's also an invocation of everything that preceded Benghazi and her endurance in the face of it. Democrats want Hillary Clinton to stand up to Republicans just as much as Republicans want their candidates to take down Hillary Clinton; they want her to be their champion, and she gains authority when she does exactly that. What she rarely shows, however, is just how viscerally she can respond to the right's provocations.

Maybe she was tired when she gave me a glimpse of it. It was late; she had just completed the event. She was sitting in a chilly classroom with the crowd long gone; she was flying back to New York that night and then to Iowa in the morning. Her face was a little sallow under the fluorescent lights, and the metallic traces of her eye shadow seemed to weigh her eyelids down. She was sitting down at a table, the chairs a little small for her, but she had managed to find a rhythm with her right hand, as she does on the stump, pointing a finger and touching the blade of her hand against the tabletop as she drove home her points about the candidates vying for the Republican nomination:

"Usually in time of crisis, the country comes together. After 9/11, I was a senator from New York and I spent a lot of time with George W. Bush. He was very supportive of what we needed to do in New York, and when it came to 'You know, we need to get help,' he basically said, 'What do you need and here you go—get it.' Instead, we have these two terrible incidents, and you have Republican candidates just excoriating our president and insulting people who had nothing to do with the terrorism we were watching unfold, and who don't have realistic ideas, don't have any grounding in foreign policy

ED, 57, PUBLIC-TRANSIT CONSUL-TANT, MIRAMAR, FLORIDA: I think she's a stranger to the truth. If you go back to the Whitewater land deal, that still hasn't been accounted for. There's still too many questions left unanswered. She's a master at deflecting all things.

RICHARD, 27, TEACHER, PORTLAND, OREGON: I like Hillary Clinton. When it comes down to issues, she generally holds stances that I mostly agree with. At the same time, when I see a little bit of debate footage, I do feel that she is very much an establishment politician.

BILL, 40, WRITER, TUCSON: She's an icon. She's the epitome of a strong, intelligent woman.

SHON, 33, TEACHER, NEW YORK: I don't think we've ever had a more

qualified person run for president in the last I don't know how many decades.

DAR, 47, PILOT, BOISE, IDAHO:

The whole Benghazi thing, the investigation—to me it was pretty obvious that it was a witch hunt. And I think she stood ground on a lot of things.

JARED, 33, PUBLIC-RELATIONS MANAGER, ATLANTA: I have to commend her. To stick by Bill and ride it out—even after he left the White House—and then go on to really define herself in her own terms as a politician herself...

JEFF, 65, CAREER COUNSELOR,

ASHEVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA:
I have trouble accepting her truthfulness. She was an aide on the committee that impeached Richard Nixon for lying, and she herself turned around and lied when she was in a pinch, so...

CURTIS, 23, RESEARCHER, NEW YORK: I like her for her political stances, but I dislike her because of her credibility.

JON, 38, DESIGNER, SAN DIEGO:

My first impression of her stepping into politics was like, "Oh, that's cute."
I didn't know how serious she was.
I think she's solid now.

ASAFE, 22, STUDENT, KNOXVILLE:

I respect her. Especially as a woman, it's much harder for her than it is for other politicians. It takes a lot of balls

WILLIE, 34, CHEF, ATLANTA: She was married to one of our best presidents, so you have to definitely believe in what she can bring to the table.

JEFF, 58, ATTORNEY, WASHINGTON, D. C.: Do I respect her? No. I don't

believe she did much on her own at all. She was clever enough to place herself in the right room when important things were taking place that she took credit for.

STEVE, 48, COMEDIAN, ATLANTA:

I feel like it's really, really sexy when you have a female leader. Yes, it's sexy! I said it. A woman in power is sexy to me.

ALEXANDER, 29, NONPROFIT PRESIDENT, SAN FRANCISCO: She is a big-government crony.

JARLATH, 35, EDUCATIONAL CONSULTANT, SANFORD, MAINE: I don't love her. I think her voice is kind of grating sometimes. I'd rather have a beer with Obama.

VINNIE, 53, FITNESS TRAINER, LOS ANGELES: I don't want a fuckin' presi-

or national security, and they just go off saying what they think will get a rise out of an audience. It's really distressing, because that's not how we should conduct ourselves."

I had always wondered when she was going to say, These guys aren't in my freaking league. Now she had come pretty close, and the expression that I saw animate her narrowed eyes and her tightened lips was not one of anger, or even frustration.

It was one of contempt.



"OUR COUNTRY IS DIVIDED," she says. Well, yes... and there is no better measure of those divisions than HRC herself. Is it her destiny to keep Ted Cruz out of the White House? Ted Cruz looked in the mirror this morning and thought it his destiny to keep her out of the White House. The same idea that animates Democrats-the idea that electoral loss would lead not simply to an unsuitable president but to an unimaginable one—also animates Republicans. Indeed, everything asserted in these pages about the extremists on the right could be and is asserted by the extremists themselves about the candidacy of that notorious extremist Hillary Rodham Clinton.

Her supporters see her as a woman with a proven record of idealism, competence, and, yes, moderation. She was a good if controversial First Lady. She was a good if dutiful senator. She was a good if slightly hawkish and secretive secretary of state. Why shouldn't she be a good president? She has enjoyed excellent proximity from which to weaken the Republic, and never has. Why should the prospect of her election seem so catastrophic?

Now, there are two ways to answer this question. The first is to call Colin Reed, the executive director of America Rising, one of the super PACs organized to oppose her candidacy. He speaks frankly and reasonably about her vulnerabilities and how he plans to exploit them and make sure "she doesn't enjoy the advantages of an incumbent."

"We've broken it down to three main buckets, in terms of our lines of attack," Reed says. "Bucket one is 'unethical'-how they make their money, foreign donations to the Clinton Foundation while she was secretary of state. Bucket two is 'untrustworthy'-the server; her willingness to say and do whatever's expedient at the time. The third bucket, the main bucket, is 'failed record,' pertaining to her time at the State Department. There's Syria and the rise of ISIS; there's the war in Libya, which she advocated; and there's the Russian reset, which only resulted in Putin becoming more aggressive. She's accomplished a lot in her life-she's a former First Lady, former senator, former secretary of state. But she doesn't have the raw political skills of a Bill Clinton or a Barack Obama, and polls show that people don't trust her, even loyal Democrats. So we're frequently pointing out instances of hypocrisy to her left. I have found hypocrisy sells; it's a good story, no matter what your political convictions are."

The second way? The second way is to ask your uncle. Or your aunt. Or the person who sits next to you on the plane. This is America; a lot of people don't like Hillary Clinton. Hate, despise, and loathe Hillary Clinton, and use those words to describe their feelings. If you want to know why, you don't have to go very far to find them.

"Excuse me, sir. I noticed that you have a 'Hill No!' sticker on your car. Can you tell me why?"

I'm in the parking lot of the public library near my house. I live in a conservative area, where Hillary hatred is in the water. I don't have to go to it; it comes to me.

"I don't like her," the man says. He's about her age, small and hunched, wearing a windbreaker and ball cap. He never stops walking as I ask him questions, and he never looks at me. "I don't like anything about her. I don't like her tax policies. And she's never done anything. The only thing she did when she was secretary of state was travel around the world. She didn't solve anything!"

"Can you give me any details?"

"Look at the world!"

"Did her predecessor, Condoleezza Rice, solve anything?"

"Sure she did! Of course she did!"

"Can you give me any details?"

"I'll have to look it up. But Hillary Clinton lied about Benghazi. She lied about that video. She does nothing but lie. Her whole life is a lie! Twenty-eight years—all lies!"

And there it is, the fundamental tenet of Hillary hatred: all lies. It is never one thing. It is never even ten things. It is everything. It is a totality. If you listen to any Republican debate or any newscast on Fox—or if you talk to your uncle—you will discover that the talking points promulgated by Colin Reed and other members of her industrial opposition have found a vast right-wing conspiracy of sympathetic ears. You will also come to understand that they are incidental to the main project, which is the creation of a woman whose every accomplishment doubles as an indictment, and whose every admirable public utterance must have a poisonous private echo. Her record of responsible service? Her center-left instincts on domestic issues and an attitude toward foreign policy that would have pleased an Eisenhower Republican? Her devotion to a difficult marriage? Don't you see? Can't you see? All lies!

She is far from an inevitability. "Twenty years ago, the job was

dent that would have a beer with me! I want a president that's going to run the greatest country in the world. So love her or hate her. I do respect her.

MICHAEL, 61, COUNSELOR. REDMOND, OREGON: She's elitist. and the epitome of political bureaucracy. I'm going to move to Canada if she gets elected.

MICHAEL, 26, ATTORNEY, JUNEAU, ALASKA: She's an accomplished technocrat who is efficient at working in

ZACHARIAH, 23, MUSICIAN, **COLLEGE PARK, MARYLAND: I really**

liked Barack Obama when they ran in 2008 against each other. I don't want to say that I'm sexist, but I don't know if the reason that I didn't like Hillary at the time was because she was a girl or not.

JEREMY, 58, CEO, ALBUQUERQUE:

I don't think she has mastered the art of becoming a warm, likable person to the American public. To me, she comes across as cold and stiff.

DAMIAN, 32, SMALL-BUSINESS OWN-ER, LA PALMA, CALIFORNIA: I think she could possibly be a good president, because her husband's been in the White House, so she knows what

GUY, 64, RETIRED, PITTSBORO, NORTH CAROLINA: I think that

she's okay and that she just wants to prop up the status quo. I think we need to quit getting involved in overthrowing foreign governments, and I don't think she'd have any problem doing that-invading Iran or any of that stuff. None of that's gonna change if she's elected.

DAN, 33, LOCAL POLITICIAN,

PITTSBURGH: You can disagree at any time with somebody's policies, but she has done everything to earn the respect of the public

DEVIN, 25, COOK, OREM, UTAH: If it came down to it, I don't think I would ever vote for her. Like, if you asked me for a reason. I wouldn't be able to describe a reason. It's just that she has a negative connotation in my mind be cause of things that I've heard through other people and the media and stuff.

DAVE, 35, SALESMAN, PITTSBURGH: I'll go Bostonian on you: She's wicked fkin' smaht. She always had her own opinion, and she knew where that opinion came from.

STEVEN, 24, ENTREPRENEUR CHICAGO: I'm pretty indifferent. She seems not to say dumb things, which I guess is better than some other candidates.

MICHAEL, 56, REAL ESTATE AGENT, ROSWELL, GEORGIA: She's got maybe one more fight in her, but there's a pack nippin' at her heels. She doesn't have enough of a fresh message

ADAM, 33, BREWER, SKOWHEGAN, MAINE: I guess my first impression of her was probably during Bill's presidency. She seemed like a little bit of a ballbuster. Just kind of had a dour look on her face.

JOHN, 67, GEOLOGIST, LOGAN, UTAH:

Her term as senator was very telling. She worked with the existing powers and kind of worked her way up the food chain, which is what you need to get things done.

to persuade the undecided," says an operative at one of the PACs promoting her candidacy. "Twenty to thirty percent of the voters were undecided. Now it's maybe five. So the job is to find and inspire those who already think the way that you do. Digging down. That's what the money is for. Their voter, the white conservative, is already highly motivated. Ours, not so much. If the Democratic voter comes out, we win, because there are more of us than there are of them. People of color, single women, millennials: the new majority. But if

they don't come out, like 2010 or 2014, the Republicans could easily win."

It is, to some extent, the first gerrymandered national election, defined by its extremities and open to unpredictable influence. Hillary Clinton could lose because the left wing of her own party regards her as compromising and therefore compromised. She could lose because of a terrorist attack that occurs a week before the election. Or she could lose simply because so many

people don't like or don't trust her. Her fate may be to keep Donald Trump, Ted Cruz, and Marco Rubio out of the White House. Her fate may also be to let one of them in.



HE LOOKS OLDER than she does. He's thinner now, with a certain delicacy of movement, and with his hair a white fire burning over the pink embers of his face, he's beginning to look like Hal Holbrook playing a one-man version of Bill Clinton. Nevertheless: It's him. He's here, at a campaign barbecue hosted by the Democrats of Story County, Iowa, at the concrete-walled Iowa State University agricultural expo. Martin O'Malley is set to speak. So is Cornel West, as an eccentric surrogate for Bernie Sanders at an event peopled almost exclusively by white farmers. So is Hillary Clinton. And so is her husband.

He steps up to the podium first, on a stage improvised on a dirt floor crowded with folding tables and folding chairs. He has come to introduce her, but as soon as he steps into view, two things hap-







pen: First, he is greeted by a wave of applause that causes him to nod his head and bite his lip and lift his hand and become, by the very recognizability of his gestures, iconic. Second, he inspires a flurry of speculation amongst the reporters corralled in the back of the barn, who

can't help but wonder why he's really shown up.

There is an obvious answer: It is the day after the Democratic debate in Des Moines. He always travels to the debates. He advises her and helps her prepare. She stayed overnight in Des Moines, and he stayed with her. They are married, and they have been married a long time.

The answer that her aides call "overthought" is that he has come to help her—that though she won the debate locally, with the voters in Iowa, she lost nationally, with the voters of these United States. She does not always live up to the moment, and she didn't last night. The debate took place the day after the terrorist attacks in Paris. The Republicans were in an opportunistic frenzy, and she had a chance to do some statesmanship. Instead, she came up with a rather technical answer that had already been reduced to a sound bite: "It's not our fight." She also defended her Wall Street associations by invoking 9/11 and showed what makes her such a fallible candidate, speaking an excuse of improvised convenience with such moral force that it called her moral force into question.

Long ago, when they introduced themselves to the nation, the Clintons did so as a package, as two for one, as a joint presidency. The nation wasn't ready for it, or maybe it was: They used her to attack him, and him to attack her, not as [continued on page 109]

BRIAN, 23, POLICE OFFICER,

CHICAGO: I appreciate what she's done for this country. I know there's been some negative things, but I feel that—at least so far—she's kept our country safe.

BENJAMIN, 29, GRADUATE STUDENT, WASHINGTON, D. C.: She's pretty hypocritical; she definitely changes her positions on a lot of key issues. Even with the recent TPP deal, she was for it—she said it was the "gold standard" when she was secretary of state—and now she's running for president and she pulled a 180 and opposes the TPP. I'm, like, flabbergasted.

DOUGLAS, 51, JOURNALIST, CHAR-LOTTESVILLE, VIRGINIA: I'm weary with the idea of having to slog through another year of argument about the Clintons. I had hoped that Hillary might gracefully exit the stage without running for president again, simply because it's not fun anymore. Having said all that, there is nobody who has ever run for president of the United States who is better qualified.

DARRIS, 37, ART DIRECTOR, KULA, HAWAII: I think she's strong. Is she a leader? I don't know. I think that's the biggest question mark: Will people follow?

GREG, 67, SMALL-BUSINESS OWN-ER, SANTA FE: I like her. I feel that she is pretty much unflappable in just about any circumstance.

HUGO, 55, OB-GYN, CARTERSVILLE, GEORGIA: There's all kinds of smelly stuff about her. Let's just say controversy has never been terribly far away from the Clintons, including her.

SCOTT, 45, PUBLIC-RELATIONS MAN-AGER, COTO DE CAZA, CALIFORNIA:

She's one of those people that's failing their way to the top. She resigned in dis grace as secretary of state, which she was ill equipped to do. And I think we shouldn't reward that behavior with a higher office.

ANGELO, 55, DOCTOR, RENO, NEVADA: She feels so strongly that she is right and that she knows what's best for everybody. I find that type of overarching ego problematic.

TYLER, 34, CONTENT STRATEGIST, NEW YORK: Oooh, I love Hillary Clinton. She's not afraid to piss people off, and she's not afraid to do the right thing.

SEBASTIAN, 27, GRADUATE STUDENT, DOVER, NEW HAMPSHIRE: I have tremendous respect for what she has

done, but it seems to me that she's kind of mostly focused on obtaining the office and not actually trying to better the country.

DENNIS, 61, RETIRED, DIX HILLS, NEW YORK: She's competent but will pretty much do anything to get elected.

JOE. 55. SMALL-BUSINESS OWNER.

ST. LOUIS: I respect her less right now than I did in the past. I think this thing in Benghazi has really brought her believability and trustworthiness way down in my eyes.

DAVID, 24, ACCOUNTANT, MIAMI: If you define a "good president" as somebody who oversees the country and sees that the economy is doing better and that we're not living in fear, then yes, I would

say she'd make a good president. But I

don't agree with her agendas.





to Laurel Canyon.

"I'm just going to tell you that the dog walkers are there, and they tend to have, like, twenty dogs each. And they're really nice people, they do their best, but sometimes they...Olive's pretty good on her own, but I have to watch her, because if there are too many dogs, it can be dangerous. She loves to play, she runs up to each dog, and she gets too many of them going."

Olive's a meek, milk-faced doll-part pit, part German shepherd, part corgi, one white ear, one brown-fetching, all in all. Odenkirk's less so-a fifty-three-year-old Everyman-looking, son-of-a-bitchrious four-season romp, and then into Better Call Saul, the brilliant BB spin-off about to start its second season on February 15 on AMC.

Bob Odenkirk won my heart in 1993 playing Larry Sanders's lizard of an agent on The Larry Sanders Show, but he'd already spent four seasons writing for Saturday Night Live by then; a lad from suburban Chicago, he'd left college to learn improv and studied with Del Close, the late Second City guru who inspired two generations of students like Bill Murray and Stephen Colbert. In 1995, Odenkirk and David Cross created Mr. Show with Bob and David, whose thirty half-hour episodes, spread over four seasons, rank

with *Monty Python's Flying Circus* and *SCTV* as the very best sketch comedy ever televised.

None of that—nor his indelible work as "Porno Gil" in the third episode of *Curb Your Enthusiasm*'s first season—lifted Odenkirk above cult status. Even now, after a lead-actor Emmy nomination for *Saul*, he's not much for stardom.

"I'm not twenty-one. I'm not trying to plot my trajectory to George Clooney status. I'm going, 'Let's enjoy this thing I've got'—which is one of the best-written roles on TV, if not the best. Let's enjoy this now, for what it is, for as long as it lasts. My deal with this business was if I can eat and feed my family, I'm good; I wasn't driven to do anything more than that, except to make what I love. That would be the greater desire, always—to make things that I love. Not a lot of people get to do that. My life is hanging out with my family, taking the dog to the dog park, and working."

The dog park is just off Mulholland Drive. Odenkirk wheels his Prius into the parking lot. It's a big dog park, three parched packed-dirt acres circled by steep hills covered in scrub. A couple dozen dogs, a handful of people, plenty of sun. Too much sun, but that's L. A. midday.

L.A. midday.

"The thing is, when he run

"We're going to do our best here," he says as we depart the car. Don't fret about me, Bob. Dog guy all the way.

"Yeah. But if we find that this is not conducive, we'll give her fifteen minutes, then we'll go."

A few dogs are huddling just inside the gate when Odenkirk unlatches it. He opens it a skosh, and one of them, an Irish setter, bolts and runs across the parking lot.

"Shit!" Odenkirk hollers at some bearded yutz—not a rare breed in L.A.—who's standing a few yards beyond the gate, inside the park: "Hey! One of your dogs just ran out!"

"Not ours," says the guy.

"Whose fuckin' dog is this?" Odenkirk shouts.

"Well, you let it out," says the guy.

"Okay," Odenkirk snarls. "Great."

"You did," the guy says.

The setter's tearing up the nearest hill, hell-bent. Odenkirk hands me Olive's leash and takes off after him. A few other dog walkers come ambling toward the gate. A mellow bunch: L. A. dog walkers, pros, young and middle-aged masters of the craft. This sort of stuff is all in

a day's work for them, a nice little break from their screenplays and mood enhancers, plus a few bucks. Nothing to get hung up about.

"Well, he's like, 'Whose fuckin' dog is this?" and he let the dog go," the yutz says to me.

I know, bro. He's just upset. He's not angry.

Olive's aggravated too. She wants no part of the dog park without Odenkirk. She's whimpering for him, pulling toward the hill, scanning the rise. Like the setter, Odenkirk's long gone, up the hill, out of sight.

It takes a while before the woman who came with the setter makes her way over. She's shading her eyes with one arm, looking up the hill. "Did anybody see how it happened?" she asks.

It's our fault, I tell her. As soon as we opened the gate, he dashed out. "Dammit," she says. "And he doesn't have his GPS on."

By now, there's a collection of walkers in the parking lot, and considerable ass sniffing among their charges. I'm doing my best to soothe Olive, but she's still pulling and crying, inconsolable. Jesus. Everyone's a Method actor here.

"I would start calling his name," someone offers.

"The thing is, when he runs out? He runs even farther away when

I call his name."

The setter's name is Mick. I start calling up the hill for him. I spot Odenkirk, a flyspeck up along the crest, a far stretch rimmed with fancy homes.

> "You should call your friend

back and tell him to quit chasing him," one walker advises. "If he hasn't come to him, he's not going to come to him now. He could be scaring him away even farther."

I don't have his number. I just met him.

"Oh my God!" a walker screams.
"There he is!"

"He's all the way up there," another says.

"I don't see him," says Mick's walker.

We all start bellowing Mick's name. He's on the crest, loping east. I can't see Odenkirk. Every dog is

yelping now, save brokenhearted Olive, who has taken to the curb with the vapors. One walker notices me talking into my recorder.

"Are you gonna make your friend look bad?"

I'm gonna make him look good.

"How are you gonna make him look good?"

Because it'll have a happy ending.

"Maybe not," she says.

She's right. The homes on yonder ridge must line a street. There will be cars up there, and plenty of landscaping trucks. Mick might get hit. Hell, Bob could get run over too. He's not exactly a dog whisperer.

"I never had a dog in my life," he told me when I met Olive back at the house. "I never cared about dogs. I thought it was all about cats, and I was wrong. *Biiiig* mistake. I love this dog so much. I'm embarrassed by my years of cat loving."

This goes a long way toward explaining how Bob coaxed Olive into the Prius:

"Hey, baby. Are you gonna get in the car today? Or are you not gonna want to? C'mon, boo. Here, babe. Come on, baby."

That's cat-guy shit. Dogs want no wooing; they crave leadership.

Anyhow, none of this would've happened if he'd let me visit him in Albuquerque, where *Better Call Saul* just finished shooting its season finale. I was jacked up for New Mexico.

"I'm sorry. You were gonna come down, but the last two weeks were so insane. We were shooting fourteen-hour days. Insane."

Hah. All due respect, but that's merely acting. Insane is this: me broiling in my shirt at the Laurel Canyon Dog Park, comforting Bob Odenkirk's dog, who barely has the strength left to whimper.

Relax, I tell Olive. Daddy's coming.

I hope so. All I know for sure is that I've got a two-hour window, the red-eye back to Newark, and Juliet mooning on her leash while her Romeo scours the hillside.

> Olive and I hear Odenkirk's voice before we see him. He's behind us, coming through the clump of walkers at the far end of the parking lot, near the porta-potties.

"My fault," he's saying. "No, this is my fault."

Up close, his jeans are caked with dust. He has a gash on the side of one hand. No setter, dead or alive.

"Hi, baby," Odenkirk says to Olive.

Where's Mick?

"He's looking for a way out; he's trying to get farther away. I'm sorry—this screws up the whole afternoon."

No worries. You're helping reinvent the celebrity profile.

"Yeah, well, listen—this is somebody's dog."

Odenkirk heads over to talk to Mick's walker. I whisper sweet nothings to Olive.

"I apologized," he says when he comes back. "What a nightmare. Goddammit—I'm all cut up and shit. I caught up to him, but he wouldn't come to me."

What a dick.

"I'll take that leash. Let's let her walk around a little bit. I'm gonna come back later with some pictures of a setter like that and put them up. Let's talk about something more pleasant, and I'll get back to that nightmare after this. Pretend that didn't happen."

Would you feel wronged if I used this in the story?

"People are going to hate me."

Well, let's see how it turns out.

"They'd hate me. They'd be like, 'You asshole—you let someone's dog go into the mountains.' They would hate me. Wouldn't you?"

Nah.

"You ever have a dog, Scott?"

I pull out my iPhone and show him my wallpaper.

"Awww," he says. "That's great."

His name's Pip. Huge Mr. Show fan. Huge.

"You love him, huh?"

I do love him, yeah.

"Can you imagine how upset you'd be if some as shole actor let him go?"

An asshole actor, sure. But you? I'd feel mixed.

"Let's leave it out, okay?"

Christ, there are a lot of bugs.

"Well, there's a lot of good poo here."

A ton of stink.

"I feel so bad. So what do you want to talk about?"

Has Saul Goodman changed what it's like to be Bob Odenkirk?

"I would answer no to that question a lot in the last year and a half, but I'm starting to realize that you're lying if you say that, or you're dumb. I never felt the need to take the people who love *Breaking Bad* and shake them by the lapels and go, 'You've got to watch my sketch comedy!' You'd have to search for overlap. Yet you have to admit it changes. Just to be able to connect with that many people, and the kind of honesty that it takes to even play the moments written for

me on *Better Call Saul*. Maybe for better actors it's not like that, but for me it's a sharing of yourself."

Better actors are hard to find, Bob.

"You'd have to ask Anthony Hopkins. I speak from my limited craft and abilities. I'm cutting myself open a little bit because that's the only way I know how to do it. I don't have shortcuts that get me there in any other way, so what you're saying about 'Does it change who I am to the world, or even who I am in the world?' I would say yeah, it does."

It must be thrilling in the moment, while you're working.

"When you hit it really honestly and you're opposite somebody like Aaron Paul or Bryan Cranston or Michael McKean, it's a wonderful thing, a pretty magical thing. But so much of what you do is not that intense moment, and that has its own challenge. People don't spend their lives weeping and confronting each other with their deepest truths. They spend a whole lot of time doing small things and having small interactions. You gotta play that true, too. People don't mull their own subtext all day. We do what we do. We want what we want."

What Bob Odenkirk truly, deeply wants is plain: Bob wants to find Mick.

"Let's leave," he says. "We could drive around briefly. Would you mind? Might as well. We're here, right? We'll just drive around that neighborhood a little."

> We crawl down every street to no avail.

"Let's keep our eyes open. The dog is probably well past any of this. He was doing that dog thing where they just get going and they're not looking back. You get hit by a car like that."

The dog'll be fine, Bob. He's a runner. He'll wear out eventually.

"What else? Let's talk. It's okay, I'm just looking for a dog."

I know there's a limited amount of stuff that you're able to say about the second season.

"Extremely. Extremely limited."

One question.

"Go ahead. Ask your question."

Does Saul replace the Suzuki Esteem with a better car?

"You don't love the Esteem?"

I think the Esteem was played out after season one. A Mercedes, maybe?

"You will be pleased, and also not pleased. You will be satisfied, and you will be dissatisfied. Your expectations will be met, and then in some ways unmet."

You're telling me that the second season of *Better Call Saul* is like today?

"Goddammit. I mean, it's not like I didn't see him. But I've just done that a million times. And the dog usually doesn't do anything or the owner goes, 'Hey! Get back here.' Just think how great this day would've been if I didn't lose that dog. Well, we're not going to see him. I'm going to have to go put up pictures. I intend to find that dog."

> I'm back at the hotel when Odenkirk calls. He sounds more tired than relieved, but Mick is safe at home.

"I was on the way to put up posters when I pulled over—it occurred to me that I have a pretty big Twitter following, like 370,000 people. So I took a picture of the poster with my phone and tweeted it, and it kicked it into high gear. Some guy had seen the dog just outside the park, so I went over there. I think the owner got another call from someone who had seen the tweet, and she went over there and got it. Anyway, what an adventure. I apologize for the stress."

It's all good for the story, Bob. Canis ex machina.

"Okay, listen—if you want to use it, you can. But the bottom line is I was a dumb shit for opening the gate."

Like there was ever any doubt. 19

A delightfully awkward dinner with a Danish actress

BYANN PEEL

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DEREK KETTELA





hasn't even ordered yet, but Birgitte Hjort Sørensen is already underwhelmed. "Apparently this restaurant is a Scandinavian thing?" the Danish actress says, looking around the room skeptically. "Is it a smorgasbord?"

There is no buffet at Aquavit, a two-Michelin-star restaurant in midtown Manhattan. There are hand-strung shell chandeliers and fur-topped purse stools and myriad waiters bringing spoon after spoon and detailing the Byzantine ordering process for three tasting menus. "Lot of rules here," Sørensen leans in to whisper. A peek at waiter number one, now across the room, confirms her suspicions: "We're being watched."

This observation seems to only mildly disturb the actress, who avoids dramatics even onscreen. Her first major role was on the Danish Broadcasting Corporation's

drama Borgen, on which she played a news anchor vacillating between idealism and opportunism in the less-dullthan-it-sounds world of coalition politics. Subsequent parts include stoic Teutonic types in projects as disparate as Pitch Perfect 2 and Game of Thrones, and her latest, a member of Warhol's Factory scene on HBO's rock 'n' roll drama Vinyl.

Sørensen has only one speaking scene in the pilot, but she is...hard to miss. Her character walks up to Olivia Wilde's character and says her name, "Devon." The unspoken appendix of this thought is clearly "... remember when we slept together?" It is apparent from Wilde's reaction that theirs was not the kind of erotic lesbian encounter one forgets and apparent from Sørensen's cool affirmation of this interpretation that I am picking up what she was putting down: "I'm happy to hear that." The first time Sørensen met Vinyl executive producer Mick Jagger at a table read (after being too shy to go up to him at their first mutually attended event), she mentioned that she'd seen him before. Jagger said, "I saw you, of course." Hard to miss.

The waiter whack-a-mole continues: "Ladies, have you chosen your menu? Or still thinking everything over? Do you need another second, or ...?"

Sørensen dismisses him and says, "It freaks me out a little bit. They're establishing a caste system. Maybe we should just get really drunk." This sounds great to me, but Sørensen walks it back; she's six hours ahead, having flown in for this interview from Copenhagen the day before. She's also far too practical to get trashed with a writer.

Sørensen appears to laugh only when she is physically unable not to-no encouraging social chuckles. She never refuses to answer a question, but is she being evasive when she pauses for three...five...seven seconds, casting her eyes chandelier-ward? Nope, just finding the clearest way to express herself in the language she learned from watching Growing Pains and Beverly Hills, 90210. Sørensen considers what she loves most about her best friend. Pause. She eventually tells me that the woman, a lawyer, once unemotionally told the actress that she had tipped too much at a restaurant. This is the entire story.

More waiters, more spoons. "In the bowl is a pork terrine with peppercress, finished with a caramelized-cabbage broth," one says as two others lift cloches to reveal curls of artisanal smoke. Sørensen waits for them to leave and says, "It's almost like we're on, like, a prank show." I've brought Spock to the Mad Hatter's tea party.

Having momentarily shooed away the waitstaff before being accosted by the entrée course-we can pour our own water. thank you so much—Sørensen talks about a Janis Joplin documentary that she just watched. "Where she grew up, she felt unnourished. She struggled enormously. And her skin broke out and she was a little chubby, and she had a hard time finding her place. She was just a young teenager when she realized she wasn't beautiful in the sense that you're supposed to be." And when did Sørensen realize that she was beautiful in the sense that you're supposed to be?

"It's such an odd thing. Like most people, I have days where I don't want to be by a mirror." Okay. But she's gorgeous enough that it's the entire joke of her Pitch Perfect 2 character. Are those the kinds of parts she's usually offered? "I think it is important to make the conscious decision yourself; no can be a very powerful word. Back in January, it was pilot season, and I was auditioning for some stuff. One of my agents said, 'Just remember, this is American TV, so, you know, sexy mom.' And I wrote back, 'Well, the character has no children.' And she said, 'Oh, I'm sorry. I mistook it for another show. No, this is just regular sexy."

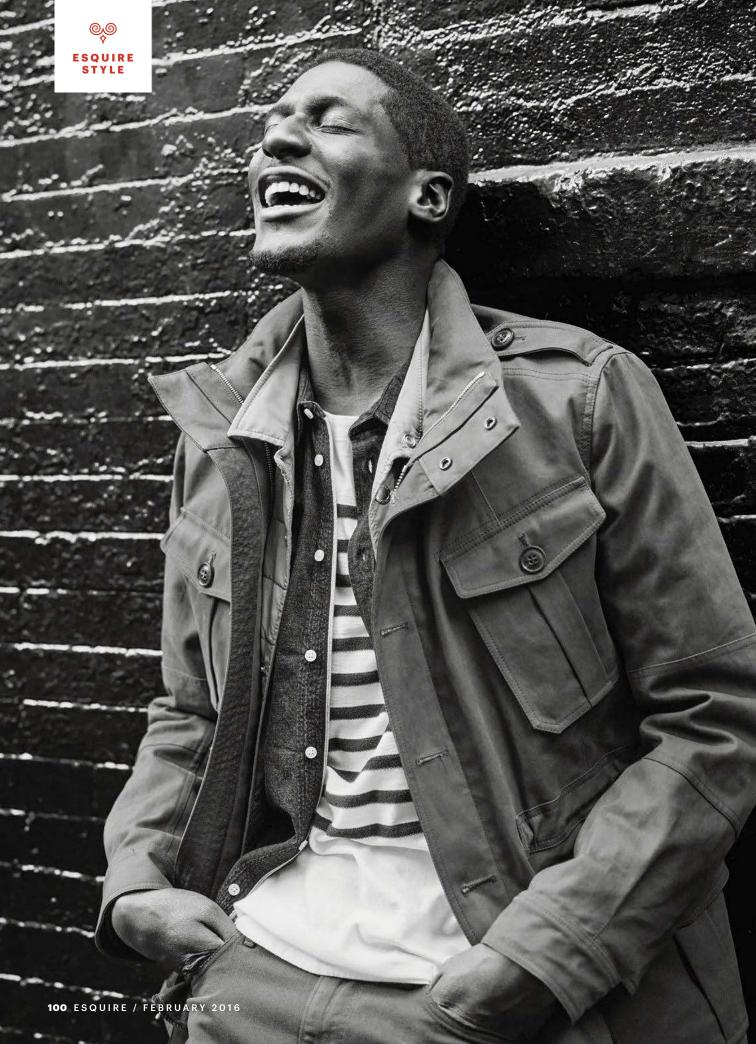
Sørensen looks out the window for her next thought and I look at her face. Her pale skin and Tar Heels-blue eyes, dark eyelashes and brows. A nose that's upturned just enough to part her lips. She appears comfortable being watched as she carefully chooses the words that will help me understand what, exactly, "regular sexy" is, finally citing kindly stylists and flattering lighting, interval training, and a diet that does not regularly include six-course meals that end with a tray of bonbons presented by yet another waiter-chocolate fudge, hazelnut with milk chocolate (my favorite!), butterscotch in an edible rice-paper wrapper?

Sørensen calls herself "fortunate" to have these appearance-enhancing routines and to be surrounded by people who make her look good without ever acknowledging that she also has the good fortune of, you know, just looking good. Denying such a syllogism-if everyone thinks you're beautiful and you have Birgitte Hjort Sørensen's face, you are beautifulis as illogical as bringing Willy Wonka's factory to two people who've just eaten \$250 worth of food. But hey-maybe it's just a Scandinavian thing. 12





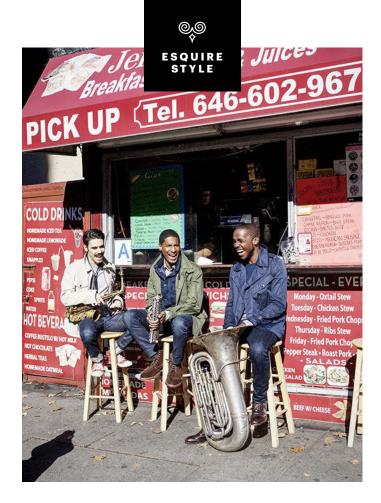












MONDAY. 1:52 P.M.

Jon Batiste is backstage at the Ed Sullivan Theater, behind a drum kit in his shoebox of a rehearsal room, with four hours to go before tonight's taping of The Late Show with Stephen Colbert. He smiles and nods hello to a visiting stranger but never stops banging out his shuffle beat a second-line beat. Various members of Batiste's band, Stay Human, trickle in and grab tambourines, and now it sounds like a full drumline, albeit one built on the clink of a dozen Salvation Army Santas. Batiste leaps up on the kick drum. Then he's over at the upright piano. A vein in his neck bulges as he solos on his melodica, the thing that looks more like a kid's toy than a serious instrument. His saxophonist blows a little flourish. "Yeah! Whoa! What was that?" Batiste yells. "Eyyyyooo-bahhhhh!" he screams back at the sax. He squints and scats a wheezy, high-pitched whine. Now he's up off the bench, shaking his hips, pounding the keys, his deltoids flexing. In some other part of the building, Colbert's writers are furiously finishing tonight's script. But there's no visible sheet music in this room. Batiste is calling out what he hears in his head and, moments later, it exists as sound. "It's goin' off!" he yells.

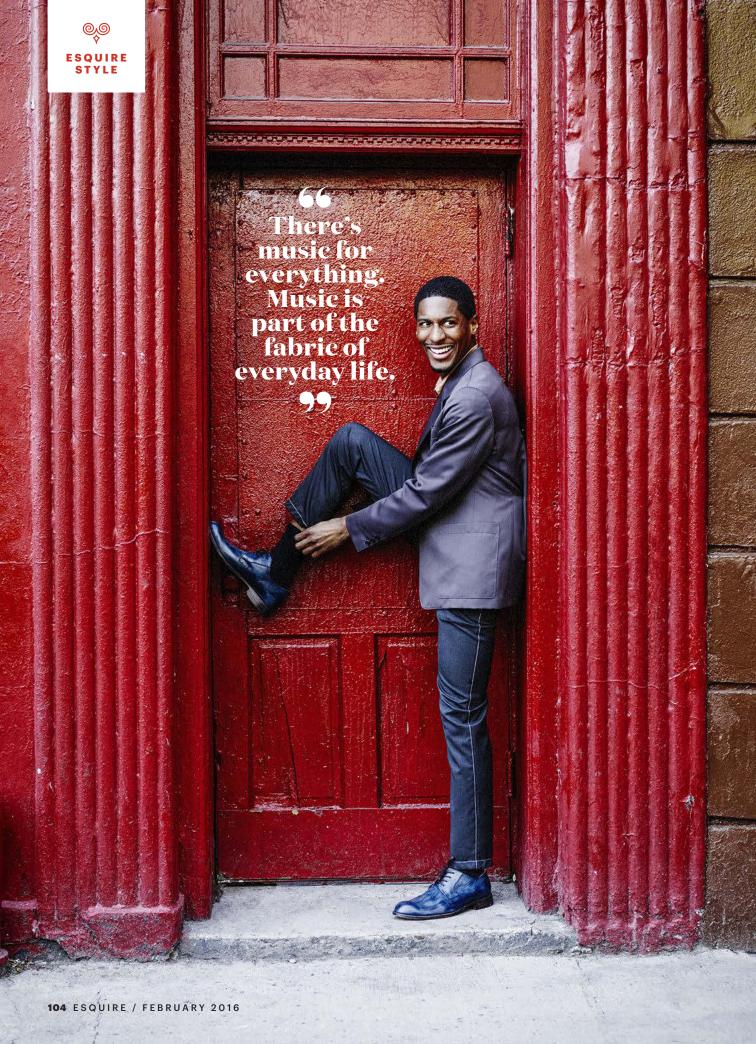
Batiste calls his style of jazz "social music," and from his earlier days as a New Orleans jazz prodigy and Juilliard

student to his first three months as Late Show bandleader, he's been known for blowing up the line between performer and audience. "I wanted to figure out how to fill the studio with music in a way that reminds me of a street parade in New Orleans," Batiste says. (More than thirty members of Batiste's extended family play jazz in and around New Orleans.) Unlike Shaffer and Letterman, Batiste and his boss don't really banter; unlike the Roots across town at The Tonight Show, Stay Human doesn't really play covers. Batiste is not there for set dressing-he's there to do his thing: improvise. "When I first spoke with Stephen, his vibe was joy and love and uplifting feelings, and not necessarily about the type of music that you play," Batiste says. For Batiste, that type of music is jazz-unequivocally American and notoriously inaccessible, yet it's improv that binds him and Colbert together. "Stephen comes from a comedic art form of improvisational theater, and I'm coming from the musical art form of jazz."

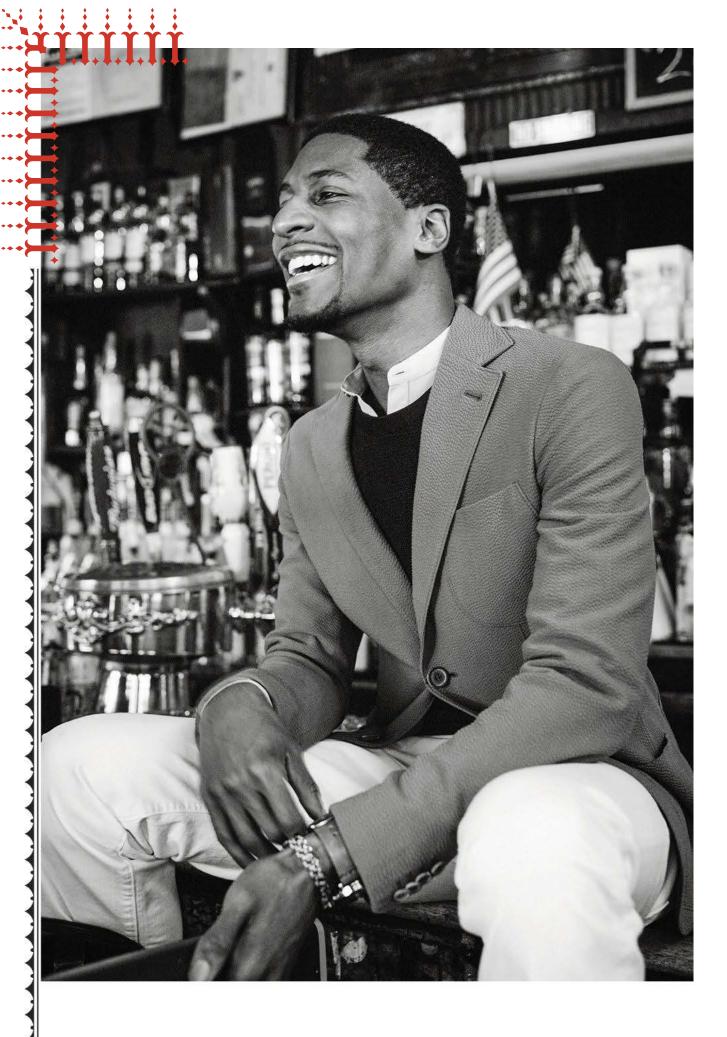
Batiste is a year shy of thirty. Miles Davis was thirty-three when he recorded *Kind of Blue*. Coltrane was thirty-eight when he cut *A Love Supreme*. Does Batiste feel young or old? "I feel like I'm just on time." Back in the rehearsal room, the jam reaches its apex as one band member smashes his tambourine on the floor. Its wood frame splinters and silver fasteners explode all over the carpet. The room hollers. Batiste smiles. Then everyone picks up and starts playing again.

-JOHN HENDRICKSON

OPPOSITE PAGE Nylon coat (\$2,300) and cotton trousers (\$550) by Louis Vuitton; cotton sweatshirt (\$150) by Todd Snyder; leather sneakers (\$895) by Christian Louboutin. ABOVE From left, on Eddie: Suede jacket (\$2,295) by Belstaff; cotton sweatshirt (\$120) by Saturdays NYC. On Jon: Waxed-cotton jacket (\$295), suede vest (\$1,095), cotton shirt (\$125), and cotton jeans (\$145) by Polo Ralph Lauren; suede boots (\$378) by Cole Haan & Todd Snyder. On Ibanda: Cotton-and-nylon jacket (\$595) by Polo Ralph Lauren; cotton sweater (\$195) by Boss.











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Hillary Clinton

[continued from page 89] a political figure but in the most personal way possible—as a woman and a mother and a wife. It is different now. She talks to him every day, on the trail, by telephone. But she doesn't need him the way he needed her. She is one of a kind, and as a result she is all alone.

This is not to say that the right won't do it again. It will. After it attacks her record and she is still standing, it will attack him. His personal life, and therefore hers. It will attempt to revive the oldest of the Clinton calumnies; it will suggest that their long marriage is an "arrangement" she tolerates in order to preserve her opportunity for power. It might not be Trump, but Trump has taught the party well: There is nothing that can't be said, because there is no price to be paid for saying it. And before she is allowed to become president as a woman, she will as a woman be attacked.

"Yes, but there is no evidence that it works," says one of her closest advisors. "The evidence has always been to the contrary—that such things make women identify with her and make her stronger." Still, if her advisors know what lies in store, so does she. She must. "I have always known that this will be a very hard election if I'm the nominee," she told me in Salem. "Our country is divided politically, and I will have to work very hard for every vote. I'm going to have to make that case for myself."

It is impossible to know what anyone's marriage might be like, much less hers. It is impossible to imagine what her life might be like, based as it is on continuing cycles of attack and endurance-based as it is on the certainty that she will be attacked and that she has no choice but to endure. She is a singular woman, locked in symbiosis with America's right wing and also with her husband. She has said that when she first met him many years ago she knew that he could one day be president. He has not said the same thing about her. Now, however, as the applause for him dies down, he tells the audience how long he's known her, and then, with his old blue eyes still winking and his voice still a midnight croak, he says, "I've watched all these debates and I think I'm going to vote for her."

She does what she does when she's inordinately praised; standing in front of a blue curtain and wearing a boxy dark-blue jacket, she claps her hands along with everybody else and rocks with laughter, as if she's taken by surprise. She's in Iowa, but she could be in New Hampshire, South Carolina, Tennessee, Florida, Georgia-anywhere along the endless trail. She is bigger than he is now, and if she wins she will be bigger than he ever was. That's his fate, and perhaps that's how, in the end, he's been faithful to herfaithful to a destiny he saw written upon her by an adversarial hand; faithful to the fate he must have known about all along, and kept to himself, as one of their secrets. 12

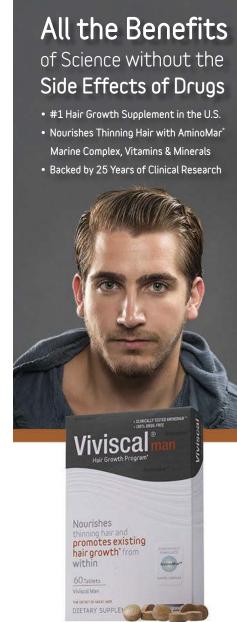
Marco Rubio

[continued from page 69] people. And I think the only thing that I would say is that I'm someone who understands immigration personally, better than anyone else in this race-my parents are immigrants, my wife's parents and family are all immigrants, all of my neighbors are either immigrants or one's first generation. I live in a community that's majority immigrant, and so I understand every aspect of it. I do know people that have been in this country, or are illegally here, and their stories are heartbreaking. And I also know people that are in this country illegally and are taking advantage of America's generosity. It is a complex issue. It's not as simple as it sounds, and it's not black and white in that sense. But at the end of the day, if you're not a nation of laws, then you invite chaos, which is what we now have."

And when Esquire asked the senator how much damage Donald Trump's casual racism had done to Republican outreach to Hispanics, Rubio's betrayal of self was made complete: "There are people, quite frankly, that support some of the language he's saying," he said soberly. "Because they're frustrated by the lack of progress on this issue that's occurred over the last few years."

There is nothing in that pile of words that comes up to what he said on the floor of the Senate when he was still arguing in favor of his own family, and for the bill he'd once helped craft. "Even with all our challenges, we remain that shining city on a hill. We are still the hope of the world.... And that's why I support this reform."

That, the Cynic thought, was the real stuff. That was a position from which to argue the conservative case for immigration reform. Let each side put that kind of thing on the table and see which proposal carried the day. Because he is neither a nihilist nor a pessimist, the Cynic believes that since the American people, through form and custom, have allowed themselves only two major political parties, each of them should be, in the words of Saint Mark, "clothed and in their right minds." The Cynic wants a viable Republican party, even a very conservative one, with as wide a range of arguments, policies, and ideas as its political imagination can devise for itself. The Cynic wants the same thing for the Democratic party. They are, after all, the two halves of the American political soul, and the Cynic wants that soul to roam as freely as reason will allow it to roam, but not to roam into the dark places of the collective id in which opportunities become lost in ambition. All opportunities are lost opportunities in some basic way, the Cynic believes, because not everyone is willing to take the risk without which there can be no opportunity. The Cynic believed that there once was an opportunity there with Marco Rubio, but the risk became too great, and now he could become president, when he could have become so much more.



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UNPOPULAR PETS

By Robert Scheffler



CHAMP Police dog, Bronx, New York
His "informant" was just a hot-dog vendor.



MARTHA Sheep-herding collie, Billings, Montana Once sheep are herded, still itching to teach those punks a lesson.



BRIGID Prison puppy, Marion, Illinois Always happens to be somewhere else when the shit goes down.



EDUARDO Emotional-assistance ferret, Sarasota, Florida Clock watcher.



LADY B GOOD Companion parrot, Flagstaff, Arizona Nonstop platitudes meet the technical definition of abuse.



BUDDY BOY Seeing-eye dog, **Dublin, Ohio** Pissed himself at a local production of Cats.



LIL' SUGAR Miniature guide horse, Nashville Stacks of children's handwritten thank-you notes found in stall unopened.



WINSTON Ratter, New Braunfels, Texas Believes rodent society in many ways superior to human.



DAISY MAE Truffle pig, Mooresville North Carolina Entire career built on a series of lucky accidents.



MERCY Stunt horse, Los Angeles Ten days in rehab created twice as many issues as it cleared up.



SHADOW Black-ops canine (ret.), Langley, Virginia Keeps ruining neighbor's lawn, misunderstanding the figurative meaning of "knowing where all the skeletons are buried."



BESSIE Search-and-rescue hound, Miami Never met a TV news crew she didn't like.



SEBASTIAN Drug-sniffing dog, Baltimore Tolerance for rawhide treats becoming unmanageable.



DOODLES Nursing-home mascot, Cody, Wyoming "Difficult."



1010 Helper monkey, Elkins Park, Pennsylvania Left the iron on again.



